

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

NOV
DEC-
JAN.

10¢

In this
ISSUE—
The HAUNTED MORGUE
LAND of the ZOMBIES
The WEREWOLF STRIKES
—AND OTHER
Strange
Features



Orlen
Capitany



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**



55th Year

WE ARE RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid), Mail coupon to start.

OUR 55th YEAR

**BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH!
OR PREMIUMS!**

JIM and BETTY FIND A NEW "TREASURE"



**ACT NOW
55th YR.**

Boys! Girl! Ladies! Men!
Lovable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid), Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!



BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.

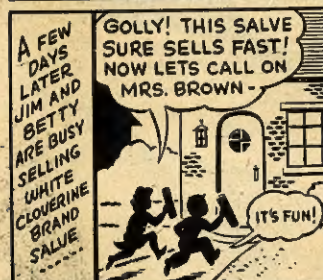


NO MONEY NOW!

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid), Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).



YOUR BIG CHANGE!



LOOK!



Football, Basketballs (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid), Rush coupon to start!



WE ARE RELIABLE

GEE! SHE BOUGHT 2 BOXES! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DOLL IN NO TIME, BETTY.

- AND YOU'LL SOON HAVE YOUR FOOTBALL, JIM.



YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY TO EARN THESE PREMIUMS! TO START, JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON--



MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A.M.-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me a trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

—Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today—

LAND of the ZOMBIES



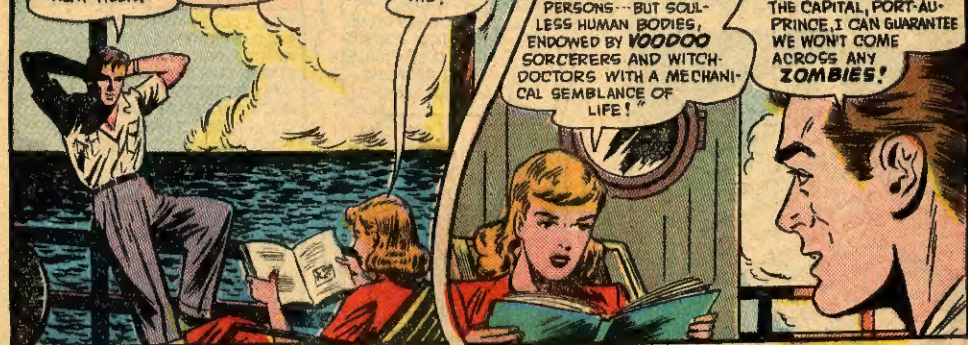
HAITI... DARK, MYSTERIOUS ISLAND FROM WHOSE FORBIDDING MOUNTAINS COMES THE STEADY BOOM OF SECRET **VOODOO** DRUMS... LIKE THE VERY THROBBING OF THE JUNGLE'S HEART! IT IS **THERE** THAT THE LEGEND OF **ZOMBIES** HAD ITS BIRTH... WHERE MEN WERE SAID TO PERISH BECAUSE THEIR WAXEN IMAGES WERE SLOWLY MELTED OVER RITUAL FIRES... WHERE THOSE SAME MEN SUPPOSEDLY RISE FROM THEIR GRAVES TO STALK THE EARTH AS SLAVES OF **SORCERERS**! YES, THESE ARE THE **LIVING DEAD**... **ZOMBIES**!

BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE... I'LL BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D BE TAKING YOUR HONEYMOON ON A LUXURY CRUISE SHIP IN THE CARIBBEAN. HONEY! BUT THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR BEING SMART ENOUGH TO MARRY ONE OF THE TOP RECORDING ENGINEERS IN AMERICA... THE MAN COMMISSIONED BY THE NEW GOVERNMENT OF HAITI TO RECORD ITS INAUGURATION CEREMONIES NEXT WEEK!

OH, STOP BRAGGING, DARLING... AND LISTEN TO WHAT THIS HAITIAN GUIDE-BOOK SAYS! IT... IT **SCARES** ME!

"THE ISLAND OF HAITI IS THE ONLY PLACE IN THE WORLD WHERE **ZOMBIES**... THE LIVING DEAD... ARE SAID TO WALK! ZOMBIES ARE NEITHER GHOSTS NOR PERSONS... BUT SOUL-LESS HUMAN BODIES, ENDOWED BY **VOODOO** SORCERERS AND WITCH-DOCTORS WITH A MECHANICAL SEMBLANCE OF LIFE!"

WHAT SUPERSTITIOUS NON-SENSE, JANET! ONLY THE IGNORANT, PRIMITIVE NATIVES OF THE INTERIOR BELIEVE IN THAT **VOODOO** HOCUS-POCUS... AND SINCE WE'RE GOING TO THE CAPITAL, PORT-AU-PRINCE, I CAN GUARANTEE WE WON'T COME ACROSS ANY **ZOMBIES**!



ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN, published bi-monthly and copyright, 1950, by B. & I. Publishing Co., Inc., 480 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Missouri. Editorial offices, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y. Richard E. Hughes, Editor; Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.20; single copies, \$0.10; Foreign postage extra. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, 45 West 45th St., New York 19, N.Y. Entered an second class matter at the Post Office at St. Louis Mo. No. 14, December-January, 1950-1951. Printed in U.S.A.

FINALLY, SHINING LIKE A JEWEL OUT OF THE BLUE CARIBBEAN... **PORT AU-PRINCE**... MODERN CAPITAL OF AN ASTONISHINGLY PRIMITIVE ISLAND, WHERE THE DARK, MAGICAL **VOODOO** RITES ARE SECRETLY WHISPERED ALMOST IN THE VERY SHADOW OF MODERN SKYSCRAPERS!

WELCOME TO THE REPUBLIC OF HAITI, MR. WALTON! WE PUBLICIZED YOUR ARRIVAL QUITE WIDELY, UNTIL PRACTICALLY EVERYONE ON THE ISLAND KNOWS ABOUT YOU... SO YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE OUR CURIOUS CITIZENS WHO THROGGED TO SEE THE **MAN WHO CAGES VOICES IN A BOX!**

IT'S A PLEASURE TO BE HERE... AND **WE'RE** CONSUMED WITH CURIOSITY, TOO! THE FIRST THING WE'RE GOING TO DO THIS EVENING IS GO **SIGHT-SEEING!**

COME ON, DARLING... IT'S DARK ENOUGH OUTSIDE NOW GO THAT THE NATIVES WON'T RECOGNIZE US AND FOLLOW US AROUND WHILE WE'RE LOOKING THE CITY OVER!

LATER, IN THE WALTONS' HOTEL SUITE...

ALL RIGHT, LOU... OH! WHO'S THAT **BATTERING** AT OUR DOOR?

THAT'S FUNNY... NO ONE'S OUT HERE! BUT I CAN HEAR SOMEONE THUMPING HIS WAY DOWN THOSE STAIRS!

LOU... LOOK! A NOTE... PINNED TO OUR DOOR!

HUH? THAT **VAUDOUX** MUST BE CRAZY TO THINK I TAKE ON COMMISSIONS THAT WAY!

IT... IT ALL SOUNDS SO MYSTERIOUS, LOU!

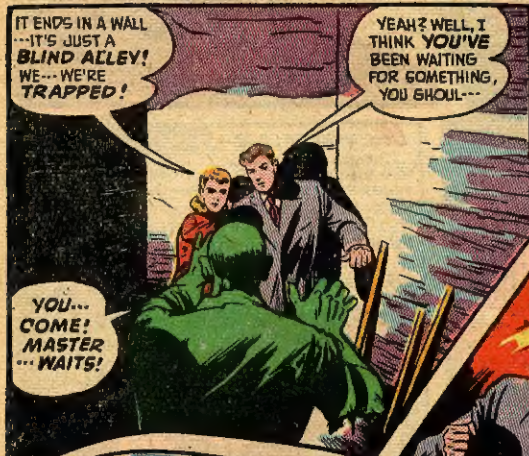
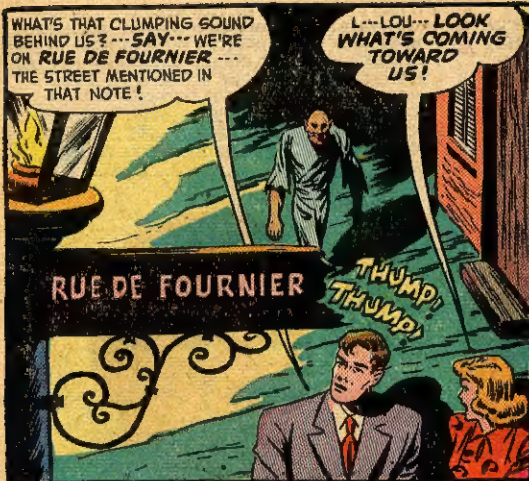
FORGET ABOUT IT, JANET... IT'S PROBABLY SOME PRACTICAL JOKER'S IDEA! COME ON... LET'S START BROWSING AROUND TOWN!

AN HOUR'S LATER...

WELL, I GUESS WE'VE BEEN ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT! WE CAN'T GO MUCH FURTHER DOWN **THIS** DEAD-END STREET... THE OPEN COUNTRY SEEMS TO START THERE! STRANGE... I DON'T KNOW WHY I FELT I **HAD** TO TURN DOWN HERE... IT WAS ALMOST AS IF SOME STRANGE COMPULSION FORCED ME...

LET'S TURN BACK! THIS STREET GIVES ME THE **CREEPS!**

Monsieur Walton... Come to the end of *Immortals* street on the outskirts of town tonight. Please bring your recording machine and follow the messenger who will await you there. You will be well paid to record and immortalize my tree. Yvondore



AN HOUR LATER...

...AND WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, MY WIFE WAS **GONE!** YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER--AND YOUR BEST LEAD IS PROBABLY THAT NOTE I FOUND ON MY DOOR! I'M **SURE** THAT VAUDOUX IS TIED UP IN THE CASE SOMEHOW...**WHO IS HE?**

MONSIEUR WALTON, WE DEEPLY REGRET THE DISAPPEARANCE OF YOUR WIFE, AND WE WILL BEND ALL OUR EFFORTS TOWARDS FINDING HER...BUT THIS NOTE CAN HAVE NO CONNECTION WITH THE CASE!

IT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY WRITTEN BY A PRACTICAL JOKER...BECAUSE NO HAITIAN WOULD **DARE** CALL HIMSELF **VAUDOUX**...THE NAME OF THE ANCIENT SORCERER WHO ORIGINATED THE OCCULT SCIENCE OF **VOODOO!** AND IT CANNOT HAVE BEEN SIGNED BY VAUDOUX HIMSELF...BECAUSE HE IS SAID TO HAVE DIED WELL OVER A CENTURY AGO! YOU HAD BEST RETURN TO YOUR HOTEL, MONSIEUR...AND WE WILL GIVE YOU A PISTOL IN CASE THE KIDNAPER RETURNS FOR **YOU!**



BUT HOURS LATER... IN THE HEART OF THE INLAND JUNGLES, MILES FROM THE SLEEPING, CIVILIZED CAPITAL...

CARRY MY MESSAGE TO HIM, OH GREAT SERPENT-GOD! WAKE HIM FROM SLEEP...AND LURE HIM HITHER!



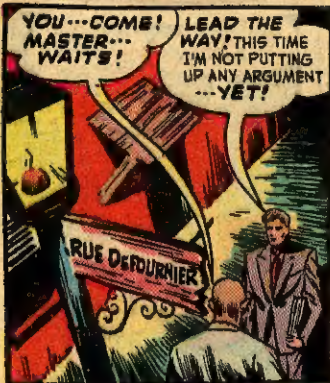
AND MOMENTS LATER...

WH...WHAT WOKE ME UP? FUNNY...I'VE GOT AN OVER-POWERING IMPULSE TO TAKE MY PORTABLE WIRE-RECORDING MACHINE AND GO TO THAT SPOT ON FOURNIER STREET! SAY...IT'S PROBABLY AN INTUITIVE **HUNCH!** THAT ZOMBIE MAY HAVE COME BACK FOR ME...AND IS WAITING FOR ME THERE! HE MIGHT...EVEN LEAD ME TO **JANET!**



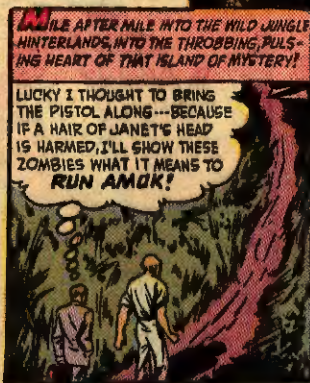
YOU...COME! MASTER...WAITS!

LEAD THE WAY! THIS TIME I'M NOT PUTTING UP ANY ARGUMENT...YET!



A MILE AFTER MILE INTO THE WILD JUNGLE HINTERLANDS, INTO THE THROBBING, PULSING HEART OF THAT ISLAND OF MYSTERY!

LUCKY I THOUGHT TO BRING THE PISTOL ALONG...BECAUSE IF A HAIR OF JANET'S HEAD IS HARMED, I'LL SHOW THESE ZOMBIES WHAT IT MEANS TO **RUN AWAY!**



FINALLY, IN A SECRET CLEARING...

YOU...GO...**INSIDE!** MASTER...WAITS!



JANET! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

SHE IS UNHARMED---I MERELY USED HER TO LURE YOU HERE---WITH YOUR RECORDING MACHINE! BUT SHE WILL REMAIN UNHARMED ONLY IF YOU DO MY BIDDING!

NO---YOU'LL DO MY BIDDING! RELEASE HER!

ZANDOR--- TAKE THE FOOL'S GUN AWAY!

DON'T TAKE ANOTHER STEP, OR I'LL---OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

FOOL---YOU CANNOT KILL THE DEAD!

I---I'M FIRING AT HIM POINT-BLANK--- BUT HE KEEPS COMING ON! NOTHING CAN STOP HIM!

EXCELLENT! NOW STAND OVER THE GIRL, ZANDOR---AND IF HE DISOBEYS MY COMMANDS, KILL HER!

BAM!
BAM!
BAM!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

BUT I SHALL NOT DIE--- BECAUSE I HAVE LEARNED THE SECRET OF AWAKENING THE DEAD! AND NOW YOU WILL MAKE A RECORD OF MY RITUAL CHANTS, WHICH THE DEAD **MUST** OBEY---AND WHICH I WILL TURN ON JUST BEFORE I DIE, SO THAT **MY** BODY WILL BE FORCED TO OBEY THE INCANTATIONS AND ARISE TO STALK THE EARTH---FOREVER!

DON'T--- DON'T LET HIM TOUCH HER---I--- I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

GOOD! WHEN THE NATIVE REPORTS OF YOUR ARRIVAL REACHED ME, I KNEW THAT THE GODS OF THE JUNGLE HAD SENT YOU TO PROVIDE ME WITH THE MEANS OF **ETERNAL LIFE!** BY MEANS OF SECRET RITES WHICH I, VAUDOUX, DISCOVERED, I HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP MYSELF ALIVE FOR ALMOST TWO CENTURIES---BUT NOW I KNOW THAT MY MORTAL END IS NEAR!

BUT I WILL NOT BE A MINDLESS, HOLLOW AUTOMATON LIKE THESE OTHERS...FOR I'LL RETAIN MY INTELLIGENCE AND ALL MY SECRET, SATANICAL LORE AFTER DEATH! AND WHEN THE RECORDING OF MY CHANTS AWAKENS ME TO ETERNAL LIFE, I SHALL KNOW HOW TO REVIVE ALL WHO HAVE PASSED ON! TOGETHER, WE WILL TAKE OVER THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!...BUT NOW...PREPARE TO MAKE THE RECORDING!

THE STRANGE, PULSING BEAT OF THE TOM-TOM RESOUNDS HOLLOWLY LIKE THE VERY THROBBING OF THE JUNGLE'S SECRET HEART...AND THEN, LIKE A DARK CHANT...THE GHOULISH WAILING OF THE ALL-POWERFUL VOODOO RITES!

IN THE NAME OF LIFE AFTER LIFE, HEAR ME, O SPIRIT OF THE DEAD... HEAR ME...AND OBEY THE VOICE OF VAUDOUX!

ARISE FROM THE WORLD OF THE DEAD... INTO THE WORLD OF THE ETERNAL UNDEAD... WALK, WALK THE EARTH FOREVER!

BOM-BOM-BOM!

AND WHEN THE LAST FAINT ECHOES OF THE RITES FADE AWAY ON THE DYING AIR...

SO...NOW LET ME HEAR THE WORDS THAT WILL MAKE MY DEAD SPIRIT OBEY AND ENTER THE WORLD OF THE UNDEAD!

HERE, I'LL BRING IT TO YOU AND SHOW YOU HOW TO WORK IT!

FIRST, YOU'VE GOT TO WARM IT UP A LITTLE... LIKE THIS!

MY SACRED ROBES...THEY BURN! ZANDOR...HELP!

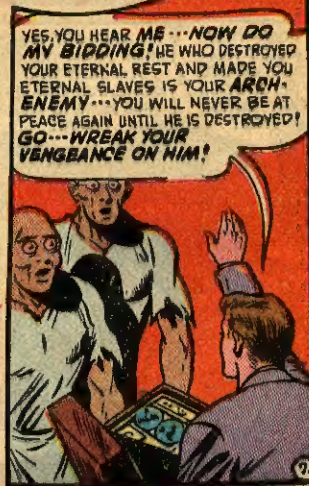
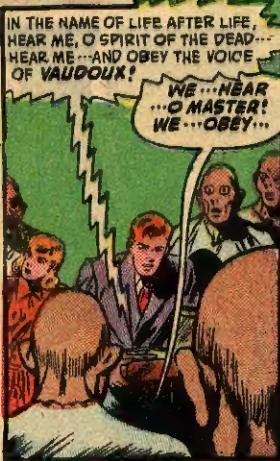
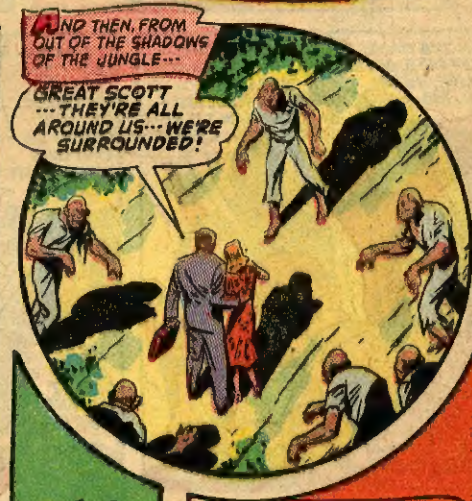
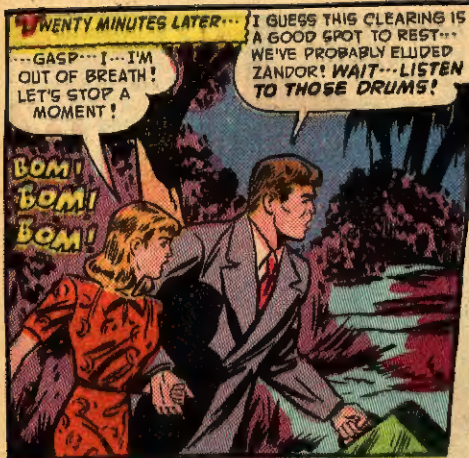
HURRY... BEAT OUT THE FLAMES!

NOW WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!

BUT LOU... WHY ARE YOU CARRYING THE RECORDER? IT'LL SLOW US DOWN!

I DON'T DARE LET THAT RECORDING FALL INTO VAUDOUX'S HANDS...FOR THE SAKE OF EVERY LIVING HUMAN! COME ON...THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE ANY PURSUIT...WE'VE GOT TO PLUNGE INTO THE JUNGLE!

AFTER THEM, ZANDOR!



FOR ONE SUSPENSEFUL MOMENT, THE ZOMBIES REMAIN FROZEN IN MINDLESS INDECISION...AND THEN TURN IN ROBOT-LIKE OBEDIENCE!

COME ON, JANET...WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW TO MAKE SURE VAUDOUX DOESN'T REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM!



DESTROY THE EVIL ONE...AND THEN REST IN ETERNAL PEACE!

HE HAS GAINED CONTROL OVER THEM!...BACK, YOU MINDLESS FIENDS...BACK!



IN THE NAME OF LIFE AFTER LIFE, HEAR ME...

THEY'RE HESITATING... I'LL REGAIN CONTROL OF THEM! I'VE GOT TO DROWN HIS VOICE OUT... BY TURNING ON THE RECORDER AT FULL VOLUME!



IT'S WORKING... THEY CAN'T HEAR HIS ORDERS, SO THEY'RE OBEYING THE LAST ONES THEY REMEMBER...MINE!

BACK...BACK! THEY...THEY DO NOT HEAR ME...!

HEAR ME, O SPIRIT OF THE DEAD...



YAAAGHH!



THEY...THEY KILLED HIM... AND LOOK! THE ZOMBIES ARE VANISHING!

YES, VAUDOUX RAISED THEM FROM THE DEAD...AND NOW THAT HE'S GONE, THEY CAN RETURN ONCE MORE TO ETERNAL PEACE!



AND NOW I'LL DESTROY THIS RECORDING, TO MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE EVER PLAYS IT BACK AND REVIVES VAUDOUX! FROM NOW ON... THERE'LL BE NO MORE ZOMBIES IN HAITI!



THE END!

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE
TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER
JONES'
FIELDS...

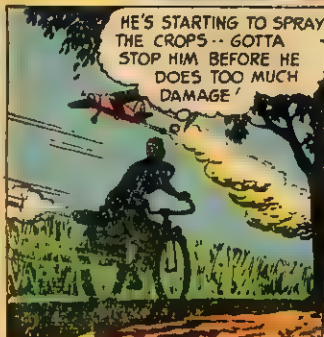
WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--NOT BUG POISON!

WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--



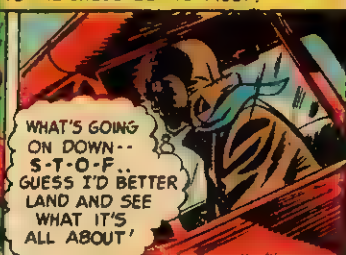
FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!



HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS-- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!

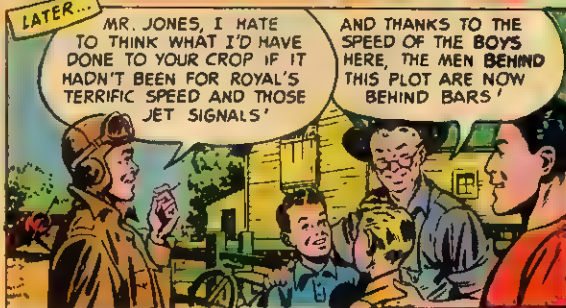


ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!



WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-F...
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

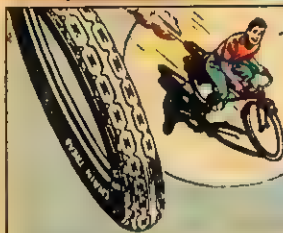
LATER...



MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!

AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!

FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED - SURE
FOOTING -- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL -- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"--SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, SURER
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

The **PIED** PIPER

PROFESSOR FERGUS JENNINGS unlocked the door to his experimental animal laboratory, flicked on the light...and stood there, open-mouthed, aghast! "It...it can't be!" he gasped, his eyes fixed on the small white rat that had somehow managed to get out of its cage...and was now standing in front of a couple of books propped up on the lab table. "It...it's moving its head and turning those pages as if it's actually reading...but it...it can't be!"

Weakly, the professor staggered back into a chair and sat there watching as the rat lifted up a forepaw and flicked another page, bobbing its head swiftly from left to right as if it were reading rapidly, and then flicking another page.

In one blinding moment of realization, the professor knew that he wasn't dreaming...that this was actually happening, and he knew *why*! "It *worked*!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "That's the rat I fed a new intelligence-stimulator to...and the solution increased the rat's intelligence a million-fold... a billion-fold! And if it could do that to a rat, the solution will raise man's intelligence to god-like heights!"

The professor suddenly became aware that the rat was sitting with its head cocked to one side, staring at him peculiarly, with an eerie look of uncanny intelligence. "Great Scott... did...did it understand me?" he wondered. "Just how intelligent is it?"

Cautiously approaching the rat with his hand stretched out to grab it, the professor was startled as the rat darted from the table, landed on the floor, and scampered away into a rat-hole in the wall. The professor shrugged his shoulders in resignation, and turned to look at the books the rat had been reading. "Hmm...a book of nursery tales, opened to the story about the *Pied Piper*... books on musical composition...

and textbooks on hypnotism and mesmerism! I wonder..."

Suddenly aware of his danger, the professor ran gasping from the room. "There...there could only be one reason why the rat picked out those particular books to read...and if I find any of my musical instruments gone, I'll know I was right!"

Murating into his hobby room, the professor was just in time to see the end of his flute being dragged into another rat-hole, and then a bright-eyed rat face seemed to snicker out at him, before it, too, disappeared into the hole. Cold sweat broke out on the professor's face as he ran to his bedroom and began packing hastily. "I...I've got to leave before... before..."

A thin, eerie wailing suddenly seemed to emanate from the walls of the professor's cliffside house...a high, plaintive melody that gripped him, held him entranced, drew him toward it...down...down the stairs, out onto the lawn where the white rat was dragging the flute along, blowing into it at the same time. Slowly, with the haunting, irresistible melody filling the air, the incredible flutist progressed along the lawn towards the edge of the cliff, with the professor walking slowly behind, his eyes wide open but sightless...like a sleep-walker caught up in a web of strange enchantment. Then, at the cliff's edge, the flutist paused...but the professor didn't.

The white rat waited until it heard the splash of the professor's body hitting the water a hundred feet below... and then it ran back into the laboratory to release the rest of the laboratory rats --- and let them sip at the marvelous intelligence-stimulator which would soon enable the rats to rule the world!

THE HAUNTED MORGUE



GHOSTS!
SOME CALL THEM
PSYCHIC EMANATIONS,
OTHERS MERE FIGMENTS
OF THE IMAGINATION!
BUT WHATEVER YOU
CALL THEM, READER,
A HAUNT IS A HAUNT
... AND TERROR IS
TERROR...AND **EVER**
THEY SHALL
MEET...ESPECIALLY
IN THE STRANGE
CASE OF **THE**
HAUNTED
MORGUE!

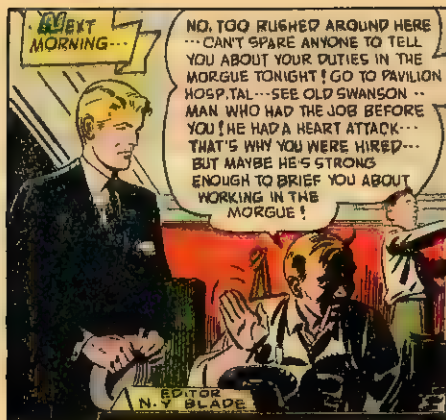
**ADELE...
I GOT IT...I GOT
A JOB IN THE
MORGUE!**

MORGUE?
OH, BERNARD...
HOW AWFUL!
WHY DIDN'T YOU
WAIT FOR A JOB
THAT WOULD TIE IN
WITH THE HISTORICAL
RESEARCH WORK
YOU WANT TO
DO?

BUT IT **DOES** TIE IN, SWEET-
HEART...BECAUSE IT'S A **NEWSPAPER**
MORGUE! NO BODIES...JUST DEAD NEWS-
PAPERS! THE MORGUES OF MOST PAPERS
MERELY CONTAIN THEIR **OWN** OLD ISSUES,
BUT THE NEW YORK BLADE'S MORGUE IS THE
MOST COMPLETE IN THE WORLD, CON-
TAINING PRACTICALLY EVERY NEWS-
PAPER EVER PUBLISHED SINCE
REVOLUTIONARY DAYS! IT'S A
WONDERFUL PLACE FOR
HISTORICAL RESEARCH!

AND SINCE I'M GOING TO BE ON THE
NIGHT SHIFT, WHEN VERY FEW
CALLS COME THROUGH TO THE MORGUE,
I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO GO
THROUGH THE OLD NEWSPAPER FILES
AND WORK ON THE THESIS FOR MY
PH.D.! YUP, WORKING IN A MORGUE AT
NIGHT MIGHT SCARE **MOST** PEOPLE
... BUT IT'LL BE PARADISE
TO ME!

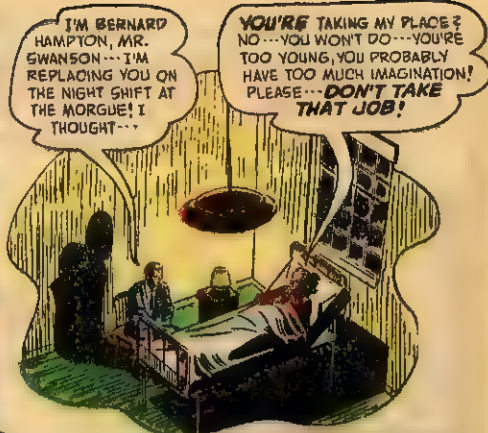




NEXT MORNING...

NO, TOO RUSHED AROUND HERE... CAN'T SPARE ANYONE TO TELL YOU ABOUT YOUR DUTIES IN THE MORGUE TONIGHT! GO TO PAVILION HOSPITAL... SEE OLD SWANSON... MAN WHO HAD THE JOB BEFORE YOU! HE HAD A HEART ATTACK... THAT'S WHY YOU WERE HIRED... BUT MAYBE HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO BRIEF YOU ABOUT WORKING IN THE MORGUE!

EDITOR
N.Y. BLADE



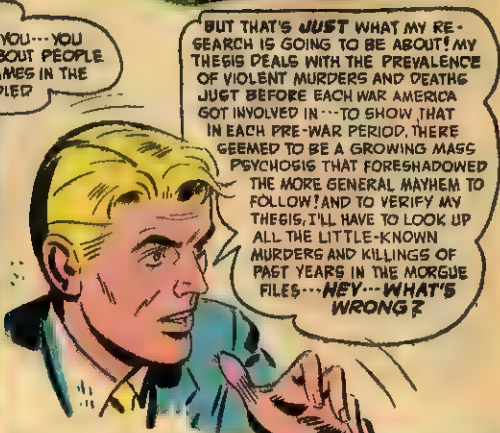
I'M BERNARD HAMPTON, MR. SWANSON... I'M REPLACING YOU ON THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE MORGUE! I THOUGHT...

YOU'RE TAKING MY PLACE? NO... YOU WON'T DO... YOU'RE TOO YOUNG, YOU PROBABLY HAVE TOO MUCH IMAGINATION! PLEASE... **DON'T TAKE THAT JOB!**

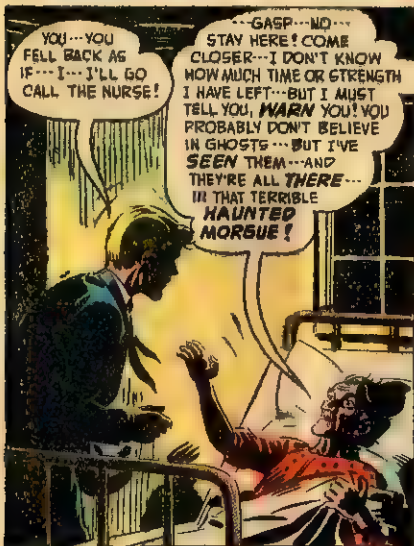


BUT I **NEED** IT, SIR! IT'S NOT ONLY THE MONEY... IT'S ALSO A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO CONTINUE MY HISTORICAL RE-SEARCH, TO MAKE USE OF ALL THE OLD FILES...

NO... **NO... YOU MUSTN'T READ THOSE OLD PAPERS AT NIGHT!** YOU... YOU MIGHT HAPPEN TO READ ABOUT... ABOUT PEOPLE OF PAST YEARS WHO GOT THEIR NAMES IN THE PAPERS JUST BECAUSE THEY DIED **VIOLENT DEATHS!**

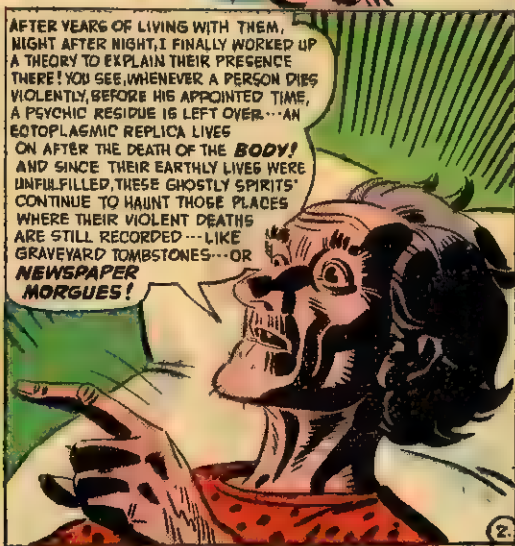


BUT THAT'S **JUST** WHAT MY RE-SEARCH IS GOING TO BE ABOUT! MY THESIS DEALS WITH THE PREVALENCE OF VIOLENT MURDERS AND DEATHS JUST BEFORE EACH WAR AMERICA GOT INVOLVED IN... TO SHOW THAT IN EACH PRE-WAR PERIOD, THERE SEEMED TO BE A GROWING MASS PSYCHOSIS THAT FORESHADOWED THE MORE GENERAL MAYHEM TO FOLLOW! AND TO VERIFY MY THESIS, I'LL HAVE TO LOOK UP ALL THE LITTLE-KNOWN MURDERS AND KILLINGS OF PAST YEARS IN THE MORGUE FILES... **HEY... WHAT'S WRONG?**

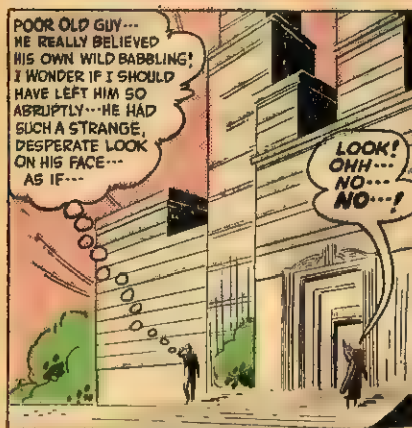
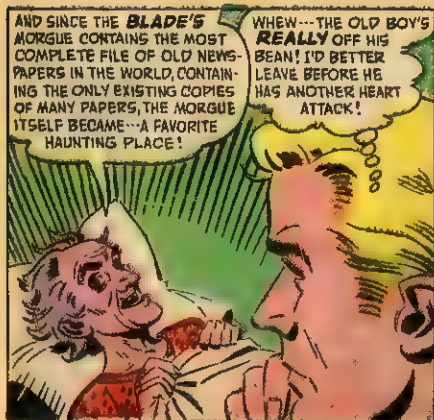


YOU... YOU FELL BACK AG IF... I... I'LL GO CALL THE NURSE!

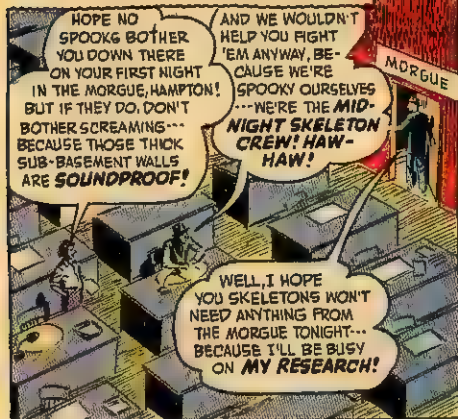
...GASP... NO... STAY HERE! COME CLOSER... I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH TIME OR STRENGTH I HAVE LEFT... BUT I MUST TELL YOU, **WARN YOU!** YOU PROBABLY DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS... BUT I'VE **SEEN THEM...** AND THEY'RE ALL **THERE...** IN THAT TERRIBLE **HAUNTED MORGUE!**



AFTER YEARS OF LIVING WITH THEM, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, I FINALLY WORKED UP A THEORY TO EXPLAIN THEIR PRESENCE THERE! YOU SEE, WHENEVER A PERSON DIES VIOLENTLY, BEFORE HIS APPOINTED TIME, A PSYCHIC RESIDUE IS LEFT OVER... AN ECTOPLASMIC REPLICA LIVES ON AFTER THE DEATH OF THE **BODY!** AND SINCE THEIR EARTHLY LIVES WERE UNFULFILLED, THESE GHOSTLY SPIRITS CONTINUE TO HAUNT THOSE PLACES WHERE THEIR VIOLENT DEATHS ARE STILL RECORDED... LIKE GRAVEYARD TOMBSTONES... OR **NEWSPAPER MORGUES!**



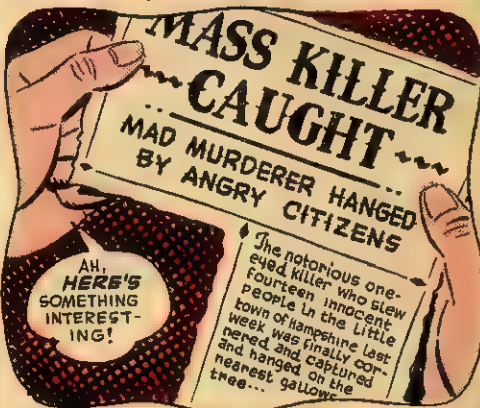
WHAT NIGHT, AT THE NEW YORK BLADE...



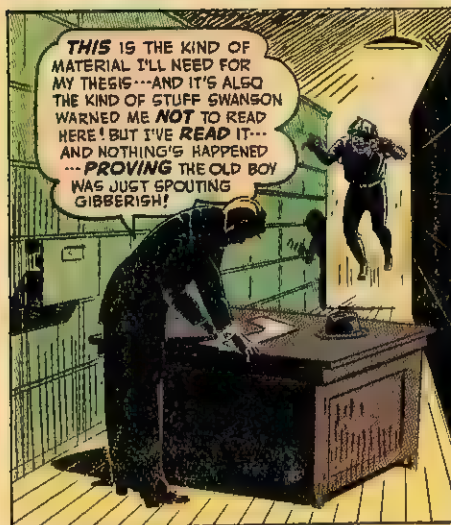
DOWN...DOWN INTO THE SUB-BASEMENT...INTO THE VAST, SUBTERRANEAN LEVELS OF A NEWSPAPER **MORGUE!**

SO **THIS IS IT!** HAM, NO WONDER POOR OLD SWANSON BEGAN HAVING HALLUCINATIONS ABOUT GHOSTS... THIS MUSTY, CREEPY OLD PLACE WOULD GIVE **ANYONE** THE WILLIES! EVEN I'D BEGIN TO IMAGINE CREEPING SHADOWS AND STRANGE SHAPES BEHIND THOSE DUSTY FILES... IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY **RESEARCH** TO KEEP ME OCCUPIED!

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL PITCH IN--AND I THINK I'LL START WITH THE PERIOD BEFORE THE WAR OF 1812! I'LL JUST TRY THIS OLD PAPER FIRST--

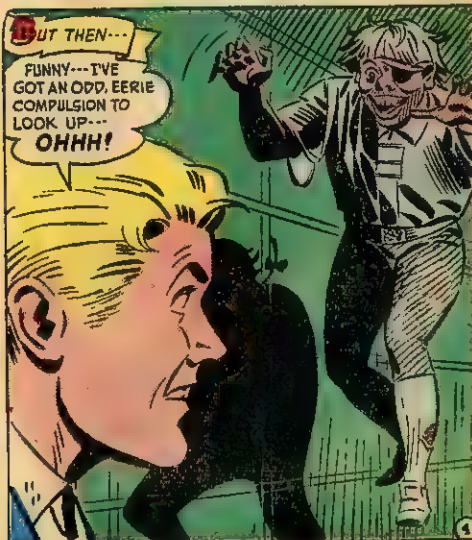


THIS IS THE KIND OF MATERIAL I'LL NEED FOR MY THESIS--AND IT'S ALSO THE KIND OF STUFF SWANSON WARNED ME **NOT** TO READ HERE! BUT I'VE **READ** IT-- AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED... **PROVING** THE OLD BOY WAS JUST SPOUTING GIBBERISH!



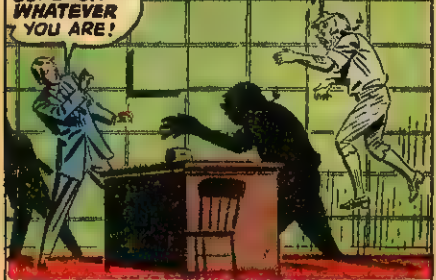
BUT THEN--

FUNNY... I'VE GOT AN ODD, EERIE COMPULSION TO LOOK UP--
OH!!!

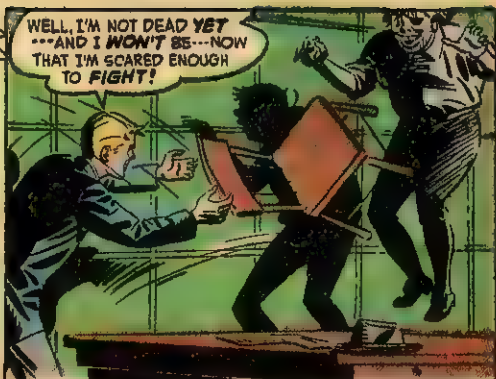


YOU...YOU'RE ONE-EYED... LIKE THE MAD MURDERER OF HAMPSHIRE! GET BACK... WHATEVER YOU ARE!

AH, IT IS WELL THAT YE FEAR ME! FOURTEEN DID I SLAY WHEN I LIVED...AND NOW...



WELL, I'M NOT DEAD YET...AND I WON'T BE...NOW THAT I'M SCARED ENOUGH TO FIGHT!



THE... THE CHAIR...IT'S CRUMB- LING INTO DUST!

AYE, VERILY--BECAUSE IT HAS SUDDENLY AGED MORE THAN A CENTURY! FOR WHATEVER I TOUCH INSTANTLY BECOMES AS OLD...AND AS DEAD... AS I AM! AND WHEN I TOUCH YE...



NO, YOU DON'T!



THE PAPER... THE ACCOUNT OF MY DEATH... IT CRUMBLES INTO DUST!

YAAAGHH!

GREAT HEAVENS... IT--IT'S DISSOLV- ING... VANISHING!





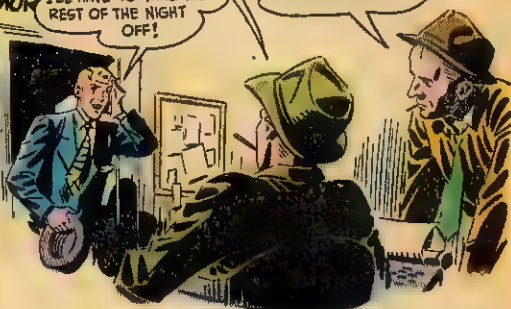
IT...IT'S **GONE**...
LEAVING NOTHING BUT A
PILE OF DUST BEHIND! AND
NOW I'M GOING...AND ANY
OTHER GHOSTS HIDING
AROUND HERE CAN JUST
WATCH **MY DUST**!

WELL, WELL...DON'T
TELL ME THE SPOOKS
DROVE YOU OUT **THIS**
SOON!

MOR

I---I DON'T FEEL
TOO WELL...I'M AFRAID
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE
REST OF THE NIGHT
OFF!

LAY OFF HIM, AL...CAN'T YOU SEE
HOW WHITE AND SICK-LOOKING
HE IS? SURE, GO ON HOME, HAMPTON
...IT'S A QUIET NIGHT, AND I DON'T
THINK THERE'LL BE ANY CALLS
FOR ANY OF THE FILES FROM
THE MORGUE! SEE YOU
TOMORROW!



NEXT MORNING...

...SO YOU SEE WHY I **HAD**
TO COME AND TELL YOU
THE WHOLE STORY, APELE!
I...I DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK
ALL NIGHT, WONDERING
WHETHER I WAS LOSING
MY MIND...OR WHETHER
OLD SWANSON HAD
BEEN **RIGHT**, AFTER
ALL!

BUT IT'S **FANTASTIC**,
BERNIE...THAT OLD
MAN'S CRAZY STORY
MERELY AFFECTED YOU
MORE THAN YOU THOUGHT!
YOU LET YOUR IMAGINATION
RUN AWAY WITH YOU
...YOU **DREAMED**
IT ALL!



I **COULDN'T** HAVE DREAMED IT...
THOSE PILES OF DUST WERE **REAL**!
APPARENTLY THE SPECTER, OR
ECTOPLASMIC EMANATION, WAS
SUMMONED BY MY READING ABOUT
ITS VIOLENT DEATH...AND AS SOON
AS THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT WAS
DESTROYED, IT HAD TO RETURN FROM
WHENCE IT CAME! IT ALL FITS IN WITH
SWANSON'S THEORY...BUT IF ONLY
THERE WERE SOME **SAFE** WAY
OF TESTING IT, WITHOUT **RISK**-
ING BEING TURNED TO DUST
...**WAIT**...I'VE GOT IT!



IF THE THEORY IS RIGHT, WHY
CAN'T I SUMMON THE SPIRIT
OF SOMEONE LIKE **LINCOLN**
BY GOING TO THE MORGUE
AND READING AN OLD ACCOUNT
OF HIS ASSASSINATION? HIS
DEATH WAS VIOLENT ENOUGH--
AND IF HE **DOES** MATERIALIZE,
HE CERTAINLY WON'T TRY TO
HARM ME! I'M GOING TO TRY
IT...**TONIGHT**!

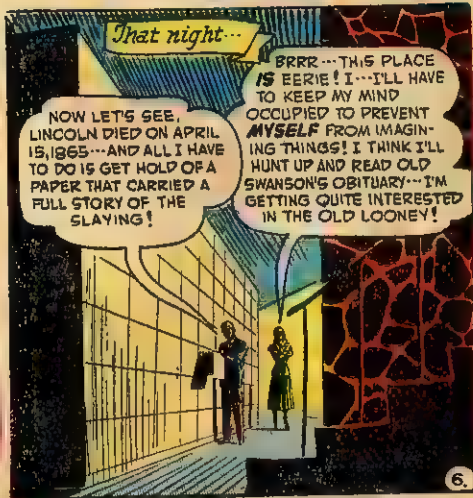
NO, **WE'RE** GOING
TO TRY IT...BECAUSE
I'M GOING ALONG
TO MAKE SURE YOU
DON'T START
IMAGINING
THINGS
AGAIN!



That night...

NOW LET'S SEE,
LINCOLN DIED ON APRIL
15, 1865...AND ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS GET HOLD OF A
PAPER THAT CARRIED A
FULL STORY OF THE
SLAYING!

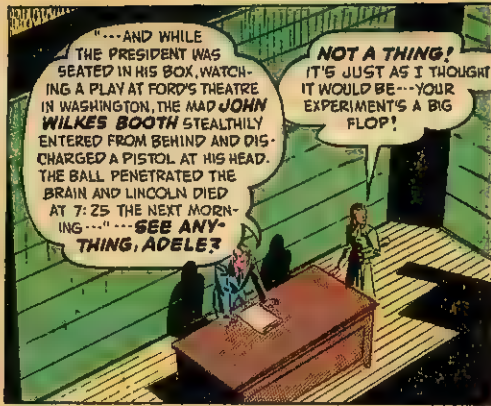
BRRR...THIS PLACE
IS **EEERIE**! I...I'LL HAVE
TO KEEP MY MIND
OCCUPIED TO PREVENT
MYSELF FROM IMAGIN-
ING THINGS! I THINK I'LL
HUNT UP AND READ OLD
SWANSON'S OBITUARY...I'M
GETTING QUITE INTERESTED
IN THE OLD LOONEY!





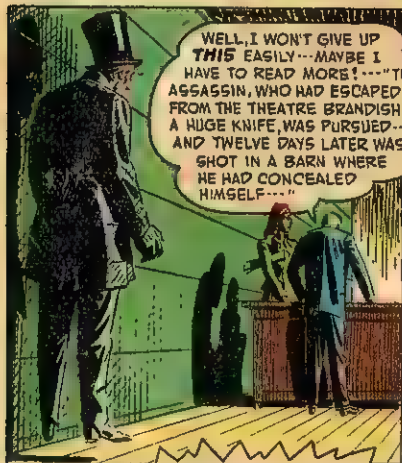
AH, HERE IT IS --- IN
LAST NIGHT'S PAPER!

FORGET THAT FOR A
MINUTE AND COME OVER
HERE, ADELE --- I FOUND WHAT
I WAS LOOKING FOR! THIS PAPER
IS DATED ABOUT TWO WEEKS
AFTER THE ASSASSINATION,
BUT IT'S ALL THERE! I WANT
YOU TO KEEP A SHARP
WATCH FOR LINCOLN'S
SPIRIT, WHILE I READ
THE STORY OUT
LOUD!



"...AND WHILE
THE PRESIDENT WAS
SEATED IN HIS BOX, WATCH-
ING A PLAY AT FORD'S THEATRE
IN WASHINGTON, THE MAD **JOHN
WILKES BOOTH** STEALTHILY
ENTERED FROM BEHIND AND DIS-
CHARGED A PISTOL AT HIS HEAD.
THE BALL PENETRATED THE
BRAIN AND LINCOLN DIED
AT 7: 25 THE NEXT MORN-
ING..." **---SEE ANY-
THING, ADELE?**

NOT A THING!
IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT
IT WOULD BE --- YOUR
EXPERIMENT'S A BIG
FLOP!



WELL, I WON'T GIVE UP
THIS EASILY --- MAYBE I
HAVE TO READ MORE! --- "THE
ASSASSIN, WHO HAD ESCAPED
FROM THE THEATRE BRANDISHING
A HUGE KNIFE, WAS PURSUED...
AND TWELVE DAYS LATER WAS
SHOT IN A BARN WHERE
HE HAD CONCEALED
HIMSELF..."



YES, YOU **DID** HAVE TO
READ FURTHER --- TO
SUMMON **ME**... **JOHN
WILKES BOOTH!**

OH!!!

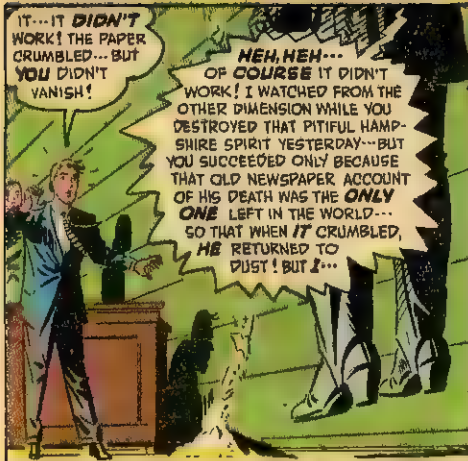


DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE
ME --- YOUR FATE IS SEALED!
ONCE AGAIN THE GREAT ACTOR,
JOHN WILKES BOOTH, WILL WALK ACROSS
THE STAGE OF THE EARTH --- THIS TIME
TO PLAY THE PART OF THE **ANGEL OF
DEATH!** COME --- LET ME TOUCH
YOU!

I --- I CAN'T STOP
HIM! THERE'S **NOTHING**
THAT CAN HARM AN OTHER-
WORLDLY GHOST...
WAIT --- MAYBE
THERE IS!

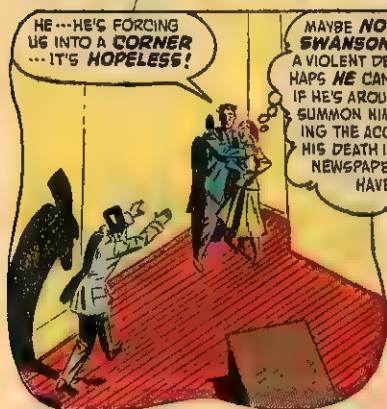


IF I DESTROY THE
NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT I
JUST READ, THEN THIS ---
**THIS SPECTER WILL ALSO
CRUMBLE AND VANISH --- THE
WAY THE OTHER ONE
DID!**



IT...IT **DIDN'T** WORK! THE PAPER CRUMBLED... BUT YOU DIDN'T VANISH!

HEH, HEH...
OF **COURSE** IT DIDN'T WORK! I WATCHED FROM THE OTHER DIMENSION WHILE YOU DESTROYED THAT PITIFUL HAMPSHIRE SPIRIT YESTERDAY... BUT YOU SUCCEEDED ONLY BECAUSE THAT OLD NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH WAS THE **ONLY ONE** LEFT IN THE WORLD... SO THAT WHEN IT CRUMBLED, HE RETURNED TO DUST! BUT I...



HE...HE'S FORCING US INTO A **CORNER**... IT'S **HOPELESS!**

MAYBE **NOT!** OLD SWANSON... HE DIED A VIOLENT DEATH... PERHAPS HE CAN HELP US! IF HE'S AROUND, I CAN SUMMON HIM BY READING THE ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH IN THIS NEWSPAPER I HAVE!



...I AM IN **COUNTLESS** NEWS-PAPERS AND HISTORY BOOKS! DESTROY **ONE** ACCOUNT OF MY DEATH, AND THERE STILL REMAIN THOUSANDS OF OTHERS... SO THAT I **CANNOT BE DESTROYED!** BUT I... I CAN **DESTROY YOU!**



NO... DO NOT READ THAT... I'LL...

"**FREDERIC SWANSON, 69, AN EMPLOYEE OF THE NEW YORK BLADE FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS, DIED THIS MORNING IN A SUICIDE PLUNGE FROM HIS TWELFTH-STORY ROOM AT THE PAVILION HOSPITAL...**"



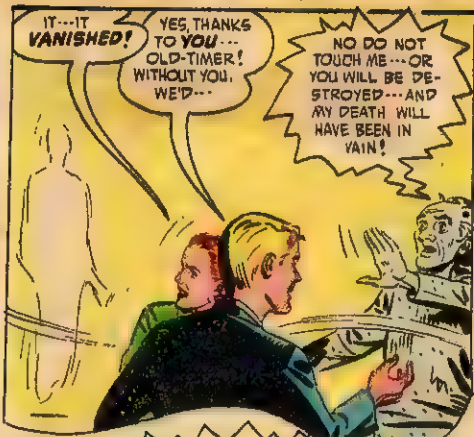
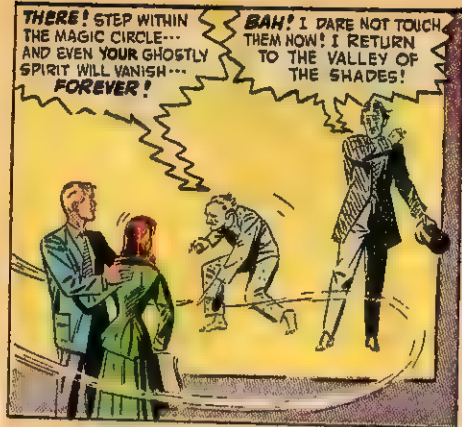
YOU'LL DO **NOTHING** ANYMORE, YOU **FANATICAL MANIAC!**

IT'S OLD SWANSON'S **GHOST!**

I **DID IT...** I **SUMMONED HIM...** JUST IN TIME!



THERE! THAT SHOULD GIVE ME TIME TO DRAW THE SACRED, INVIOLEATE CIRCLE AROUND THESE TWO INNOCENT MORTALS!



REVENGE IN TIME

NOT ALL geniuses are mad, but Oswald Farnsworth was. He had a single, maniacal obsession...to wreak revenge on the grandfather who'd disinherited him and forced him to continue his scientific researches in abject poverty. Yes, it was old Grandfather Phineas, the oil millionaire, who had cut Oswald off without a cent when he refused to marry the scatter-brained, but socially-prominent girl his grandfather had picked out for him. But now...*now* Oswald was about to have his revenge!

His grandfather had died of a heart attack just a day after Oswald had thwarted him, and just an hour after irately changing his will...but Oswald was not to be thwarted of his vengeance. For twenty years, from the day his grandfather had died, Oswald had spent every waking and dreaming moment in planning and perfecting the time-machine that would enable him to go back twenty years in time and kill old Phineas...before he had a chance to change his will and disinherit his grandson!

And now the machine was ready...*now*, with just the flick of a switch...

Grandfather Phineas' old drawing room suddenly filled with a strange, unearthly hum, and for a fraction of a moment Oswald reeled dizzily, flung about in the magnetic temporal-displacement field. But then everything cleared...and Oswald suddenly saw a figure rise in alarm from the armchair in front of him. There was no doubt about it...it

was Phineas Farnsworth, with the familiar hawk-eyed, aristocratic mien...but a Phineas who was strangely young, no more than thirty. Oswald had intended going back just twenty years, when his grandfather was sixty...but apparently his calculations had been off somewhere, and he'd gone back some fifty years in time. But this was no time for regrets...this was a time for *revenge*...revenge for all the miserable hovels he'd been forced to live and experiment in...revenge for all the years of bitter hunger and poverty!

Drawing a dagger, Oswald advanced menacingly on the young Phineas. "I'm your grandson, Oswald," he grated out, "here to see that you *never* change your will!"

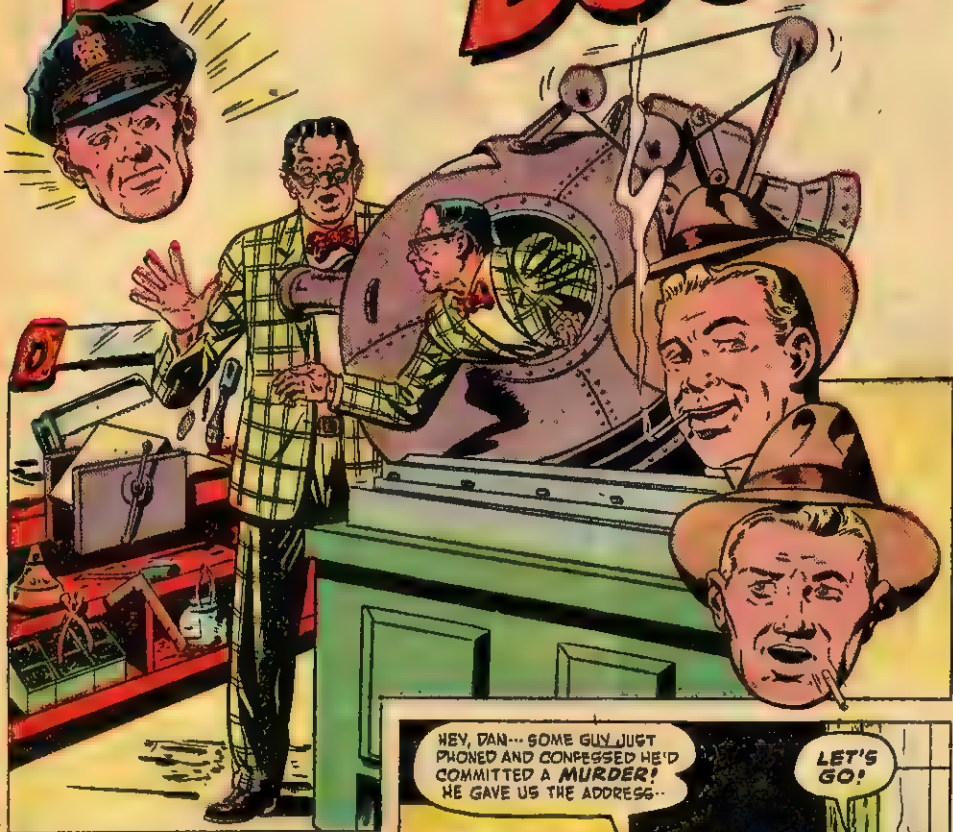
"You...you're mad!" quavered Phineas, drawing back. "You...you can't be my grandson...because..."

"*Mad*, am I?" shouted Oswald. "I'll show you how mad I am...*there!*"

The dagger blade sank deep into Phineas' chest, and he fell to the carpet. "...because I...I'm not married...yet!" he managed to gasp out...before he died.

Too late, Oswald realized his horrible mistake...saw in a single, searing moment that if Phineas was not yet married, then Oswald's father was not yet born...and Oswald himself could never have existed! Yes, it was too late...because Oswald no longer existed...except in the shadowy limbo of the great *Unknown!*

DOUBLE DOOM



A FANTASTIC MACHINE, BORN OF AN INVENTOR'S WILD DREAM...AND TWO DEMONIACAL **DOUBLES** WHO EMERGED FROM THAT MACHINE...FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN! ADD THEM ALL UP AND YOU'VE GOT THE WEIRDEST CASE EVER TO BE BURIED BENEATH CRIMINAL RECORDS AND COURT FILES...THE CASE OF

"DOUBLE DOOM!"



TEN MINUTES LATER...

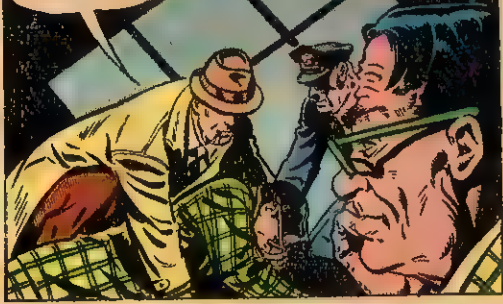
SO YOU'RE THE LAD WHO PHONED
---AND THIS IS THE VICTIM, EH?
WELL, LET'S TURN HIM OVER
AND SEE WHAT THE POOR
BLOKE LOOKS LIKE!

YES, I --- I
KILLED HIM!
MY NAME IS
HOMER ---



WHY, THIS --- THIS MAN'S THE
VERY **IMAGE** OF YOU,
HOMER? WHY IN BLAZES
DID YOU KILL YOUR
OWN TWIN
BROTHER?

HE'S **NOT** MY BROTHER!
HE --- HE LOOKS JUST
LIKE ME BECAUSE HE
IS ME!

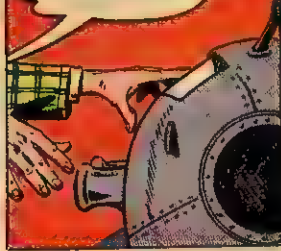


SURE, SURE --- HE'S
YOU --- AND I'M
MY OWN GRAND-
FATHER!

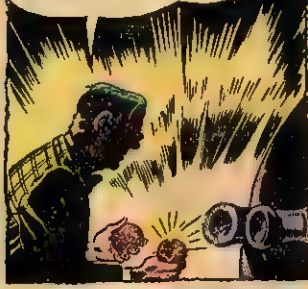
YOU'RE --- LAUGHING AT
ME, BUT IT'S **TRUE!**
FOR TEN YEARS I
LABORED ON THIS
MACHINE, THE GREATEST
INVENTION OF THE AGE ---
MY **SUB-ATOMIC**
DUPLICATOR --- AND
THIS MORNING I PUT
THE FINISHING TOUCHES
ON IT!



WHEN THIS EYEPiece IS FOCUSED ON
ANY OBJECT, THE **ATOMIC SCAN-**
NERS GO TO WORK, RECREATING
THE EXACT MOLECULAR OR CELL
STRUCTURE OF THE OBJECT RIGHT
DOWN TO ITS VERY ATOMS --- AND
DUPLICATE IT! AN **EXACT**
DUPLICATE OF ANY OBJECT
IN THE WORLD CAN BE REPRO-
DUCED BY THIS MEANS --- AND I
CAN STILL REMEMBER HOW I
FELT THIS MORNING, AFTER
MY FIRST SUCCESSFUL
EXPERIMENT ---



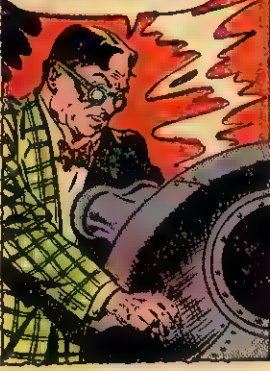
I'VE **DONE** IT --- I'VE JUST **CREATED**
AN ORANGE! AND NOT ONLY IS IT AN
EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE ORIGINAL,
BUT IT EVEN **TASTES** JUST LIKE
AN ORDINARY ORANGE! I'LL BE ABLE
TO BANISH HUNGER AND POVERTY
FROM THE WORLD, BECAUSE ALL THE
WORLD'S FOOD, MINERALS AND
WEALTH CAN BE DUPLICATED IN-
DEFINITELY --- THERE'LL BE NO
SHORTAGE OF **ANYTHING**
UNDER THE SUN!



BUT WAIT --- NOT ONLY CAN I DUPLI-
CATE **THINGS** --- BUT MAYBE I
CAN ALSO CREATE **HUMANS!**
I'VE GOT TO TRY IT! AND SINCE
THERE'S NO ONE ELSE AROUND,
I'LL JUST FOCUS THE DUPLI-
CATOR ON **MYSELF** --- AND
MERELY PRESS THE
SWITCH!



THAT **WRENCHING** --- THAT
PAIN --- AS IF EVERY ATOM
IN MY BODY IS BEING SUB-
JECTED TO ENORMOUS
FORCES! --- **ARGH!**



THEN ---

OH HH!

OH HH!



THANKS FOR GIVING ME LIFE, BROTHER...AND **WHAT** A LIFE THAT'S GOING TO BE! WHY, WITH THIS DUPLICATOR WE CAN HAVE ALL THE MONEY WE WANT... **ANYTHING!** WHATEVER WE FOCUS THE SCANNERON WILL BE **OURS!**

IT---IT **WORKED**... HE **LOOKS** EXACTLY LIKE ME! BUT...BUT SOMETHING'S **WRONG**...IF HE'S MY EXACT DUPLICATE, WHY DOESN'T HE **THINK** THE WAY I DO? WHY DOESN'T HE WANT TO USE THE MACHINE TO BENEFIT **HUMANITY**, THE WAY I DO?

WE'LL BE RICHER THAN ALL THE KINGS IN HISTORY PUT TOGETHER! WE'LL RULE THE WORLD...MAKE SLAVES OUT OF THE ENTIRE POPULATION!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S **WRONG!** THE MACHINE MUST HAVE A **FLAW**...IT CAN'T DUPLICATE THE **CONSCIENCE**, OR THE **SOUL!** HE... HE ISN'T REALLY HUMAN--BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY BEING ON EARTH WHO COMPLETELY **LACKS** A **SOUL!** AND THAT MAKES HIM THE MOST IMMORAL, POWER-HUNGRY BEAST THAT EVER LIVED!

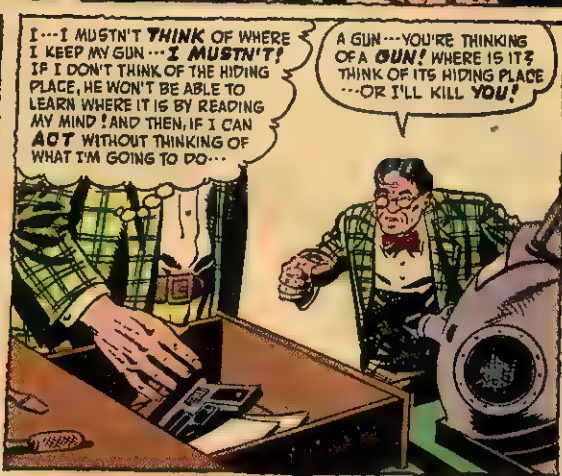
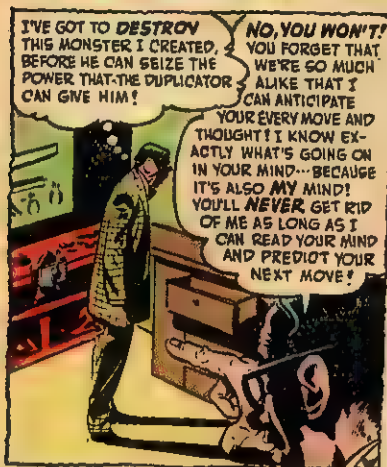


I'VE GOT TO **DESTROY** THIS MONSTER I CREATED, BEFORE HE CAN SEIZE THE POWER THAT THE DUPLICATOR CAN GIVE HIM!

NO, YOU WON'T! YOU FORGET THAT, WE'RE SO MUCH ALIKE THAT I CAN ANTICIPATE YOUR EVERY MOVE AND THOUGHT! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOUR MIND--BECAUSE IT'S ALSO **MY MIND!** YOU'LL **NEVER** GET RID OF ME AS LONG AS I CAN READ YOUR MIND AND PREDICT YOUR NEXT MOVE!

I---I MUSTN'T **THINK** OF WHERE I KEEP MY GUN...**I MUSTN'T!** IF I DON'T THINK OF THE HIDING PLACE, HE WON'T BE ABLE TO LEARN WHERE IT IS BY READING MY MIND! AND THEN, IF I CAN **ACT** WITHOUT THINKING OF WHAT I'M GOING TO DO...

A GUN...YOU'RE THINKING OF A **GUN!** WHERE IS IT? THINK OF ITS HIDING PLACE...OR I'LL KILL YOU!



HERE IT IS!

YAAAGHH!

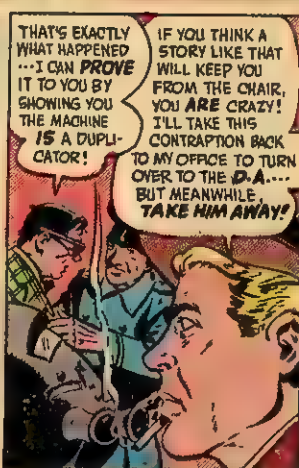
BANG!

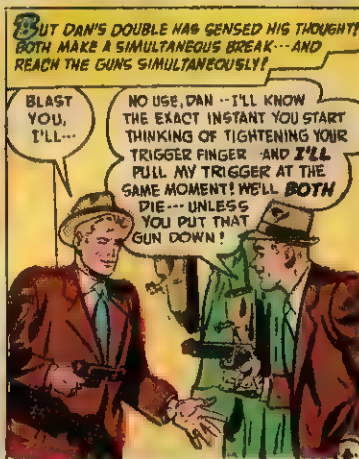
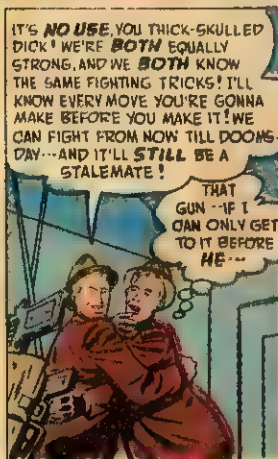
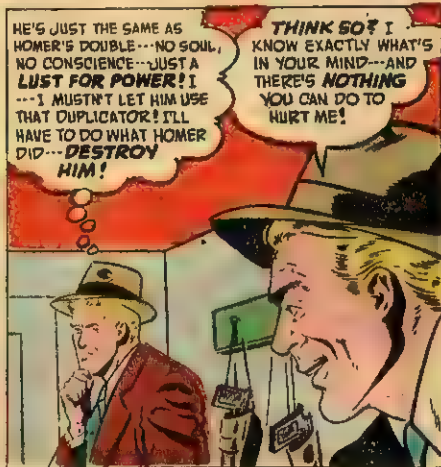
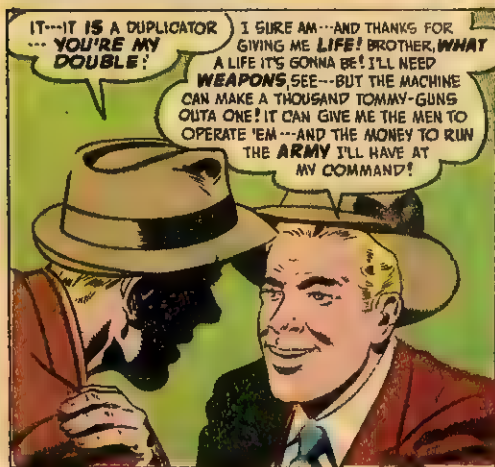
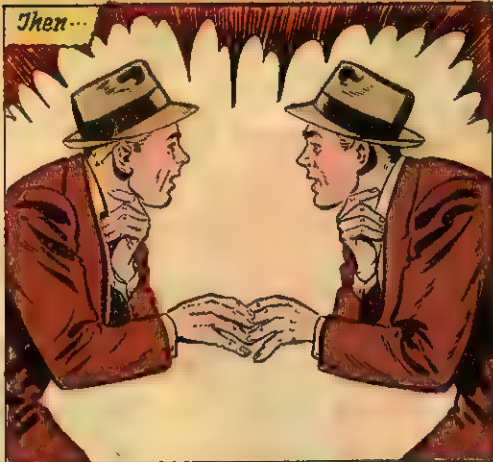
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED...I CAN **PROVE** IT TO YOU BY SHOWING YOU THE MACHINE IS A DUPLICATOR!

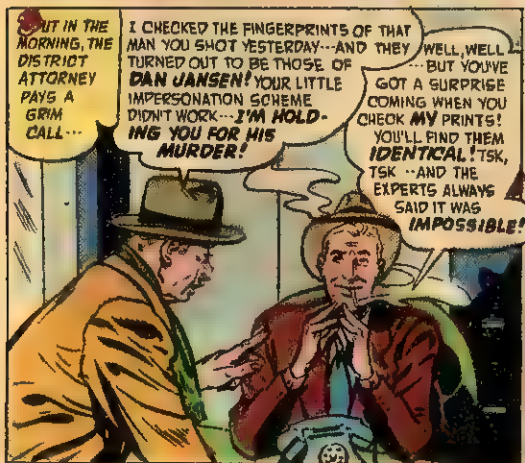
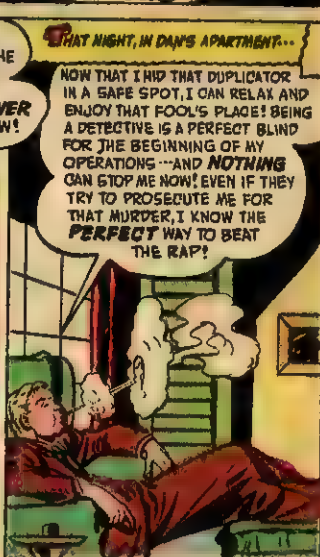
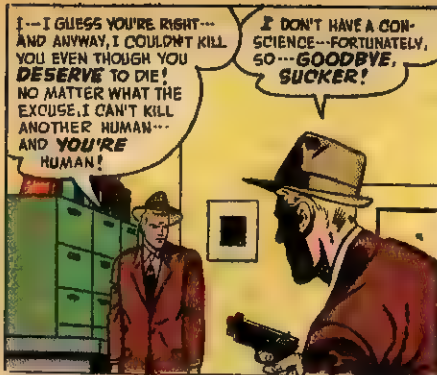
IF YOU THINK A STORY LIKE THAT WILL KEEP YOU FROM THE CHAIR, YOU **ARE** CRAZY! I'LL TAKE THIS CONTRAPTION BACK TO MY OFFICE TO TURN OVER TO THE **D.A.**... BUT MEANWHILE, **TAKE HIM AWAY!**

BACK IN LT. DAN JANSEN'S OFFICE...

THIS SURE IS A CRAZY-LOOKING GADGET! OF COURSE, IT DOESN'T DO WHAT THAT LOON **SAID** IT DOES, BUT I WONDER WHAT **WOULD** HAPPEN IF I PRESS THIS BUTTON...?





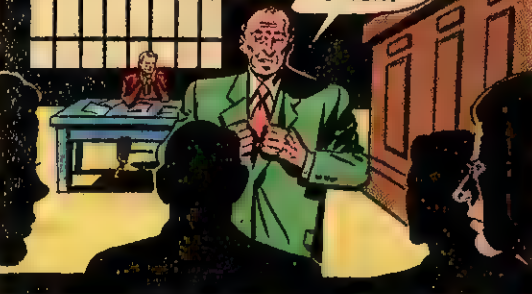


ALL RIGHT, THATCHER---I HIRED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE SMARTEST MOUTH-PIECE IN TOWN! IF YOU GET ME CLEAR, I'LL CUT YOU IN ON HALF OF ALL I MAKE WITH THE DUPLICATOR!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT A THING---NO JURY IN THE WORLD WILL CONVICT YOU AFTER I FINISH TALKING TO 'EM!



AT THE TRIAL---GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY---MY CLIENT, DAN JANSEN, IS ACCUSED OF KILLING DAN JANSEN---OF KILLING HIMSELF! WELL, HE CONFESSES THAT HE KILLED HIMSELF---BUT SINCE THE PROSECUTION ADMITS THAT THE DEFENDANT IS DAN JANSEN, THEN THE MURDER VICTIM IS OBVIOUSLY ALIVE---AND YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY CONVICT HIM OF HIS OWN MURDER!



LOOK---THE JURY-MEN ARE NODDING THEIR HEADS---AS IF HE'S CONVINCED 'EM! WE'RE GOING TO LOSE THIS CASE---THEY'LL FREE HIM!

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT! THEY---WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



DO YOU, DAN JANSEN, ADMIT THAT YOU **KILLED** DAN JANSEN---THAT YOU **KILLED YOURSELF**?



HAW!
SURE I KILLED MYSELF---BUT HOW CAN YOU CONVICT ME OF MY OWN MURDER?

YOUR HONOR, THE DEFENDANT HAS JUST CONFESSED TO KILLING HIMSELF---HE HAS CONFESSED TO **SUICIDE**---WHICH IS A **CRIME** UNDER THE LAWS OF THIS STATE! THE PROSECUTION HEREBY CHANGES THE CHARGE FROM MURDER TO **SUICIDE**---AND SINCE THE DEFENDANT HAS ALREADY CONFESSED HIS GUILT TO THAT CRIME, WE ASK YOUR HONOR TO **SENTENCE THIS CRIMINAL IMMEDIATELY!**



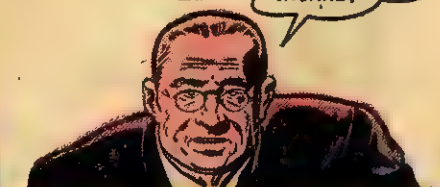
NO, NO---YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

YOUR HONOR, I OBJECT---

ORDER IN THE COURT---**OBJECTION OVERRULED!** THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS ENTIRELY WITHIN HIS RIGHTS IN CHANGING THE INDICTMENT FROM MURDER TO SUICIDE---AND THE COURT IS JUSTIFIED IN SEEING THAT THE DEFENDANT---A MAN WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE OR A SOUL---**BE PUNISHED FOR HIS CRIME IF ADJUDGED GUILTY!**



GUILTY! DAN JANSEN, YOU HAVE CONFESSED YOUR GUILT TO THE CRIME OF SUICIDE, AND SINCE SUICIDE IS COMMITTED ONLY BY THE **MENTALLY DERANGED**, I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT IN THE ASYLUM FOR THE **CRIMINALLY INSANE!**



AND SO A STRANGE CASE CAME TO ITS END---BUT NOT ENTIRELY! FOR HIDDEN SOMEWHERE, OR IN SOME FINDER'S POSSESSION TODAY, IS THAT STRANGE **DUPLICATING MACHINE!** AND THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A PAIR OF TWINS WALKING DOWN THE STREET, STOP AND WONDER---BECAUSE ONE OF THEM MIGHT BE FROM OUT OF THAT MACHINE---FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN!**

Announcing

OPERATION: PERIL

... NEWEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!



OPERATION: PERIL

10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

BOYS! GIRLS!

**HURRY! - BE THE FIRST TO OWN
THIS BEAUTIFUL**

**IDENTIFICATION
BRACELET!**

**with
YOUR OWN NAME
and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

ONLY
25¢

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY
SMITH BROTHERS BOX
Send to: SMITH BROTHERS,
P.O. Box 368, Providence R.I.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just fill in the coupon below. Brothers box. You'll get a
and send it in with 25¢ and beautiful bracelet finished in
the front cover of any Smith Nickel Silver right away!

Please Print Information below and send to
Smith Brothers, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R.I.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Do you want birthstone? Yes ☐ No ☐

If Yes, give month of birth: _____

NAME FOR BRACELET _____

WRIST SIZE large ☐ small ☐



HELLO, FOLKS! It's nice to meet you again, all you old friends...and to welcome the new members of that world-wide organization known as *Loyal Fans of "Adventures into the Unknown"*!

It's a wonderful thing, having the large and enthusiastic following which we enjoy...but it's imposed a terrific responsibility on us! For people like you aren't satisfied with run-of-the-mill ghost stories. You know the supernatural realm far too well for that. Rightly, you demand a better calibre of story, challengingly devised and intriguingly illustrated. You demand all the mystery and allure of the great *Unknown*...products of ace writers, and trained research investigators. Yes, this has been our responsibility...and we hope we've lived up to it. We've done our

best in this present issue, and whether we've succeeded depends on your reaction. There's "*The Werewolf Strikes*", for instance... a new version of the time-honored werewolf legend. And we hope you like "*The Haunted Morgue*", a radically different type of supernatural yarn which should make your heart beat faster. Then, there's "*Land of the Zombies*", bringing you, to the muffled thud of death drums, a breathless tale of jungle terror you'll remember forever! All these, plus other tense and gripping features, presented for your entertainment... in your magazine!

Write and tell us how you like them, won't you? And if you'll bear with us, we'd like to present a few letters we've received from your fellow-fans, telling what *they* think. Here goes!

"I'm amazed! How did you ever do it? By that, I mean -- how did you ever put out a comic like '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'? I think it's magnificent, stupendous and just plain wonderful! I've never read a comic like it and I'm sure I never will. Please, try to put your magazine out a little more often than bimonthly -- it seems like centuries till I get my next copy!

-- Deanna Terry, Los Angeles, Cal."

"We've been a fan of your wonderful magazine as long as we can remember. We don't think there's another comic that can equal '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. Your ideas for stories are *super*! Where do you get those legends you print -- are they true? We can't wait for the next issue!

-- Two Faithful Fans -- Janet Bishop, Judy Irving, Chicago, Ill."

"I've read many spine-chilling magazines, but there's no denying that yours is the best. I have come to the conclusion that what your readers really want when they ask for stories about werewolves and vampires are more terrifying tales and pictures. So come on, be a sport -- we're not afraid if you're not!

-- C. Roland, Pittsburgh, Pa."

Editor's note: Sure, we like to thrill readers, and we'll continue to do so! But our chief aim, as always, will be stories that intrigue and challenge!

Well -- that's that! We'll close the mail bag for this issue, with the hope that you'll con-

tribute to it soon. Remember that we want to hear from you -- so write us!

The FACE in the MOONSTONE

WHY, IT'S A DEFINITE **MENACE**, CHIEF! NOW THAT WE KNOW SEVERAL GOVERNMENTS ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH **BATS** AS POSSIBLE GERM-CARRIERS FOR USE IN BACTERIAL WARFARE, WE'VE GOT TO CONDUCT OUR **OWN** RESEARCH WITH BATS...SO THAT **DEFENSIVE** MEASURES CAN BE TAKEN IF NECESSARY!

EXACTLY, VAN! NOW, WHILE NO AMERICAN BATS ARE LARGE ENOUGH TO OFFER SUFFICIENT FLYING RANGE...THERE **MAY** BE A SOLUTION IN THIS FRENCH SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL!

U.S. DEPT.
OF DEFENSE
TECHNICAL SERVICES
BUREAU

SCIENCE MAY BE THE HIGHROAD OF CIVILIZATION...BUT SOMETIMES, UNEXPECTEDLY, IT TAKES A STRANGE DETOUR INTO THE **UNKNOWN!** THEN THE OLD CONFIDENT ANSWERS SOUND HOLLOW...CONFRONTED BY TAUNTING MYSTERIES LIKE **THE FACE IN THE MOONSTONE!**

HMM...A NUMBER OF **IMMENSE** BATS HAVE BEEN REPORTED AROUND A HILLSIDE NEAR ANCIENT FECHAMP ABBEY...IN SOUTHERN FRANCE!

VAN, THIS IS A TOP-DRAWER PROJECT! I WANT YOU TO HOP A PLANE AND BRING BACK A FEW OF THOSE BATS!

THAT NIGHT...JUST A FEW HOURS BEFORE PLANE TIME...

I DON'T WANT TO PRY INTO THE REASON BEHIND YOUR TRIP, VAN, ...BUT I HAVE THE STRANGEST **UNEASINESS** ABOUT IT!

GOSH, LORNA...I'LL BE GONE ONLY A FEW DAYS! WHENEVER YOU FEEL LONELY, PET, JUST LOOK AT THAT **MOONSTONE** RING I GAVE YOU... AND REMEMBER IT MEANS WE'RE **ENGAGED!**

I HAVE BEEN LOOKING AT THE RING, VAN! AND SOMEHOW I FEEL YOU SHOULD TAKE IT WITH YOU... AS IF IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL **NEED!**

LOOK, HONEY...I **KNOW** MOONSTONES WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE MAGICAL QUALITIES IN ANCIENT TIMES...BUT I'M A **SCIENTIST!**

THEN...AS A FAINT, PEALING LAUGH RINGS OUT--LIKE THE CHIME OF DISTANT BELLS--

VAN! THERE'S A WOMAN'S FACE IN THE MOONSTONE...AN EVIL, JEERING FACE!

HA-HA-HA!

LATER...ABOARD A PARIS-BOUND CLIPPER...

I DIDN'T WANT TO ALARM LORNA...BUT I SAW THAT FACE IN THE MOONSTONE, TOO! I'M GLAD LORNA SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT...SHE'S NAPPING QUIETLY!



...AND THE SHADOWS PLAYING AROUND HER ARE CAST BY MONSTROUS BATS, WHEELING IN THE INKY AIR!

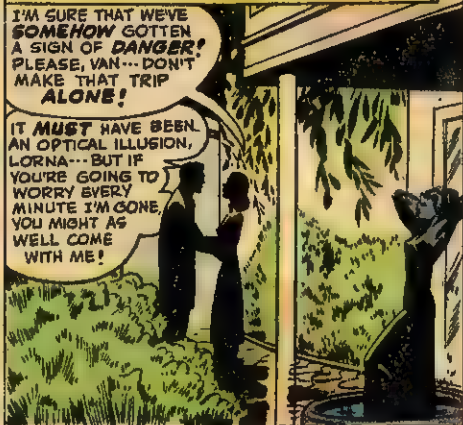
HA-HA-HA! WIZARDS AND MEN OF FAITH HAVE TRIED TO TRAP ME...AND NOW...HA-HA...A SCIENTIST!



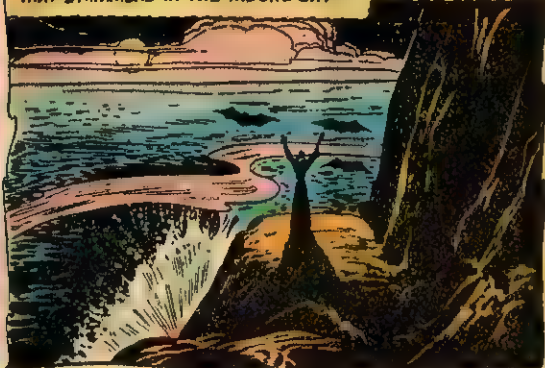
AS THE SATANICALLY BEAUTIFUL FEATURES FADE...

I'M SURE THAT WE'VE SOMEHOW GOTTEN A SIGN OF DANGER! PLEASE, VAN...DON'T MAKE THAT TRIP ALONE!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN OPTICAL ILLUSION, LORNA...BUT IF YOU'RE GOING TO WORRY EVERY MINUTE I'M GONE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME WITH ME!



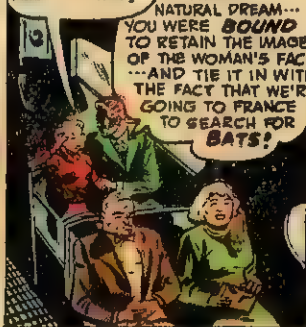
BUT CAN DREAMS REACH GROPINGLY OUT...TOWARD THE SINISTER REALITIES THAT LIE AHEAD? A ROCKY CRAG RISES LIKE A GRIM VISION IN LORNA'S SLEEPING MIND...THE LAUGHING WOMAN SEEMS TO BE WAITING, DRESSED IN A CLINGING ROBE THAT SHIMMERS IN THE MOONLIGHT...



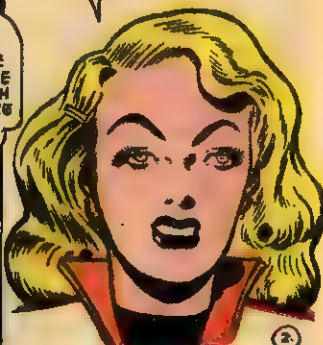
AS LORNA WAKES WITH A START...

OH-H! VAN...I SAW THAT WOMAN AGAIN IN A NIGHTMARE...WITH HIDEOUS-LOOKING BATS FLAPPING AROUND HER!

RELAX, PET! IT'S A PERFECTLY NATURAL DREAM--YOU WERE BOUND TO RETAIN THE IMAGE OF THE WOMAN'S FACE...AND TIE IT IN WITH THE FACT THAT WE'RE GOING TO FRANCE TO SEARCH FOR BATS!



WE'RE GOING AFTER BATS? BUT, VAN...I DIDN'T KNOW...UNTIL THIS VERY MOMENT!



NOW...THE VERY ATMOSPHERE SEEMS CHARGED WITH DOUBT AND DREAD!

NO USE PRETENDING, LORNA...WE ARE HEADING STRAIGHT INTO A SUPERNATURAL MYSTERY! MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU WAITED IN PARIS...WHILE I SEE WHAT'S BEHIND IT!

VAN FLETCHER, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FENCHAMP ABBEY WITHOUT ME! IF THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER WOMAN IN YOUR LIFE...EVEN A GHOSTLY ONE SURROUNDED BY BATS...I WANT TO BE ON HAND!

NEXT DAY...IN A CAR VAN HAS RENTED...

THAT'S THE ABBEY, LORNA...AND UP THERE WE'LL FIND...

YES...BATS! THAT'S THE VERY HILL I SAW IN MY DREAM!

OH, WELL...SUPPOSE WE DO WIND UP WITH SNOW-WHITE HAIR? LET'S GET STARTED!

BETTER LET ME CARRY THE FIELD KIT, LORNA...I'VE GOT DYNAMITE AND PERCUSSION CAPS AMONG MY EQUIPMENT!

A HALF HOUR LATER... NEAR THE STARK, BARREN SUMMIT...

HMM...THIS ROCK IS A TYPE KNOWN AS FELDSPAR...AND IT'S COMMONLY FOUND NEAR CAVES!

CAVES? THERE'S NOTHING UP AHEAD BUT A PILE OF BIG BOULDERS!

THAT'S JUST IT...I'VE GOT A HUNCH THOSE ROCKS ARE BLOCKING A CAVE...AND THAT THEY WERE PLACED THERE FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE! IF I'M RIGHT, A BLAST WILL OPEN UP A CAVE TO US!

THERE DOES SEEM TO BE A DRAFT OF COLD AIR FLOWING THROUGH THAT NARROW OPENING!

Then...GOOD HEAVENS! THOSE ARE EYES... AND THAT MUFFLED LAUGH IS THE ONE I HEARD FROM THE MOONSTONE FACE! SHE'S INSIDE THE CAVE!

VAN...WAIT...WAIT! DON'T EXPLODE THE DYNAMITE!

WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT? THERE'S PLENTY OF DISTANCE BETWEEN YOU AND THE BLAST! JUST HOLD YOUR EARS, BABY!

IN THE NEXT SECOND...

JUST LOOK AT THAT CAVE! I SAID WE'D FIND SOMETHING!

I---I JUST HOPE IT ISN'T A CASE OF SOMETHING FINDING US!

BOOM!

WE'LL HAVE TIME FOR JUST A QUICK LOOK, LORNA! IT SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN DARK FAST---AND THE WIND'S RISING!

VAN!... THOSE BATS!

THERE'S A REASON FOR THE BLACK SHADOWS AND STIRRING AIR--- A REASON THAT CHANGES A NIGHTMARE INTO SHUDDERING REALITY!

NO REAL BAT IS ANYWHERE NEAR THAT LARGE! WHATEVER TERRIBLE PROPHECY WAS FORETOLD BY THE FACE IN THE MOONSTONE---IT'S STARTING NOW!

LORNA SHRINKS BACK AS THE CREATURES FLIT CLOSER...AND SUNLIGHT STRIKES HER HAND---FLASHING AGAINST THE UPRaised MOONSTONE!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, VAN! WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAMPERED WITH SOMETHING WE CAN'T CONTROL!

LAS THE BATS VEER AWAY... FLAPPING TO THE CRAGS ABOVE...

MAYBE WE CAN CONTROL THEM, LORNA! DIDN'T YOU NOTICE HOW THEY SWERVED WHEN THE MOONSTONE RING FLASHED IN THE SUN?

IT ISN'T JUST THE BATS, VAN! SHE'S UP THERE, IN THE CAVE... THAT SATANIC WOMAN WITH THE EVIL LAUGH!

Then...RIPPLING LIKE AN UNCOILED MENACE IN THE EVENING AIR...

H A H H H H H H H
IT DOES SOUND LIKE HER...AND IT'S GETTING CLOSER!

A MOMENT LATER...

HEH-HEN! SO THESE ARE THE FOOLS WHO RELEASED ME!

WHA---? I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT HORRIBLE FACE! LORNA! QUICK, TURN THE MOONSTONE TOWARD HER!

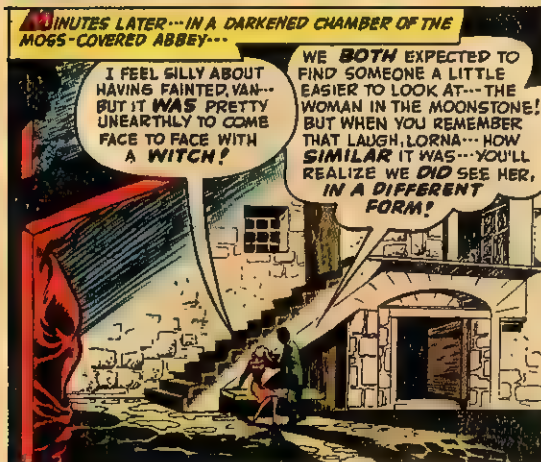


THE RING
CAN'T STOP
HER--- SHE'S
MOCKING IT!
GREAT GUNG
---LORNA!

WITCH!

TAKE ME
AWAY, VAN...
I'M...
**PAINT-
ING---**!

**HALFWAY
DOWN THE
SLOPE, VAN
LOOKS BACK!
THE WITCH
STANDS IN
FRONT OF
THE YAWNING
CAVE, HER
RAGS FLAP-
PING IN THE
SUNSET BREEZE
--- THE BATS
FLAPPING
AROUND
HER!**



**MINUTES LATER--- IN A DARKENED CHAMBER OF THE
MOSS-COVERED ABBEY---**

I FEEL SILLY ABOUT
HAVING FAINTED, VAN...
BUT IT **WAS** PRETTY
UNEARTHLY TO COME
FACE TO FACE WITH
A **WITCH!**

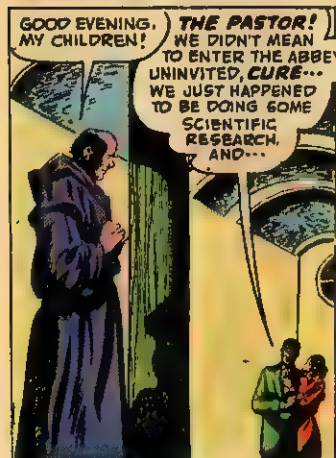
WE **BOTH** EXPECTED TO
FIND SOMEONE A LITTLE
EASIER TO LOOK AT---THE
WOMAN IN THE MOONSTONE!
BUT WHEN YOU REMEMBER
THAT LAUGH, LORNA--- HOW
SIMILAR IT WAS---YOU'LL
REALIZE WE **DID** SEE HER,
IN A **DIFFERENT
FORM!**



**SUDDENLY---SOUNDING LIKE HOLLOW DRUMBEATS
IN THE VAULTED CORRIDOR, COMES THE MEAS-
URED THUD OF SLOW FOOTSTEPS---AND A
DARK, WAVERING SHADOW REARS ON THE
WALL!**

SIT
TIGHT, PET
---AND KEEP
YOUR HEAD!

**THUMP
THUMP
THUMP**



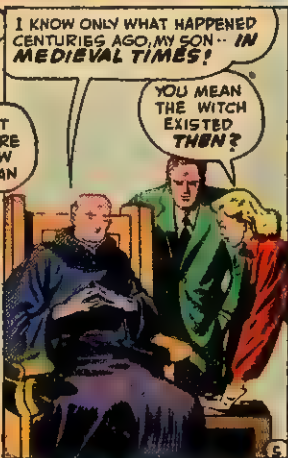
GOOD EVENING,
MY CHILDREN!

THE PASTOR!
WE DIDN'T MEAN
TO ENTER THE ABBEY
UNINVITED, **CURE...**
WE JUST HAPPENED
TO BE DOING SOME
SCIENTIFIC
RESEARCH,
AND---



YOU NEEDN'T APOLOGIZE! BETTER TO
HAVE YOU SEEK SHELTER **HERE**,
WITH NIGHT COMING ON, THAN UP
THERE--- **ON
THE HILL!**

I GATHER WE
WON'T HAVE TO DO
MUCH EXPLAINING ABOUT
WHAT WE FOUND UP THERE
--- YOU SEEM TO KNOW
MORE ABOUT IT THAN
WE DO!



I KNOW ONLY WHAT HAPPENED
CENTURIES AGO, MY SON--- **IN
MEDIEVAL TIMES!**

YOU MEAN
THE WITCH
EXISTED
THEN?

IF THE DEVIL EXISTS... **SHE** EXISTED! HER BEAUTY WAS A SNARE... A DISGUISE TO LURE MEN INTO EMBRACING HER! ONCE A VICTIM ACCEPTED HER CARESSES, HE WAS LOST... HE BECAME A BAT, A CREATURE OF DARKNESS SERVING THE **QUEEN OF DARKNESS... LILITH!**

LILITH... I DON'T RECALL ANY REPORTS ABOUT HER IN RECENT TIMES... GO **SOMETHING** MUST HAVE BROKEN THE SPELL!



YES, A METHOD **WAS** FOUND... AND MAYBE YOU, AS A SCIENTIST, CAN EXPLAIN WHY IT WAS EFFECTIVE... AFTER EVERYTHING **ELSE** FAILED! NEITHER HEAVY CHAINS NOR MASSIVE WALLS COULD WITHSTAND LILITH'S WITCHCRAFT... BUT ONE NIGHT, A GROUP OF PEASANTS STOLE UP THE HILL WHEN SHE RETURNED TO HER CAVE! THEY ROLLED HUGE BOULDERS INTO THE OPENING... AND **THIS** TIME, LILITH REMAINED IMPRISONED!



UNTIL **TODAY!** I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT IT WOULD MEAN... BUT I BLASTED THE CAVE OPEN... AND **THERE WAS A WITCH INSIDE!**

THAT IS THE SHAPE LILITH ASSUMES BY DAY... BUT SHE WILL BE A BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM WHEN SHE STALKS TO-NIGHT! WE ARE CLOSE TO THE CAVE, MY SON... YOU ARE YOUNG AND HANDSOME... **SHE WILL COME TO YOU!**



VAN... WE **MUSTN'T** STAY HERE!

I CAN'T LET LILITH TERRORIZE THE COUNTRYSIDE... AFTER I UNWITTINGLY RELEASED HER! BE-SIDES... I THINK I KNOW **WHY** LILITH COULDN'T ESCAPE FROM THE BLOCKED CAVE! THE WITCH HERSELF ISN'T REPELLED BY THE MOONSTONE... EXCEPT AT NIGHT, WHEN SHE TAKES ON HER ALLURING DIS-GUISE!



THAT WAS THE SECRET THE PEASANTS STUMBLERD ON WHEN THEY WALLED UP THE CAVE... THEY USED **FEEDSPAR** BOULDERS CONTAINING BITS OF **CRUDE MOONSTONE!** THAT GEM REPRESENTS THE **MOON**, WHICH HIDES A DARK PLANET IN THE NEARBY SKY... A **PLANET KNOWN AS LILITH!** WE'LL WAIT FOR

LILITH... AND SEE IF SHE CAN'T BE CHECKED **FOREVER!**



Trem... WITH A SINGLE CANDLE WANLY FINGERING THE DARKNESS...

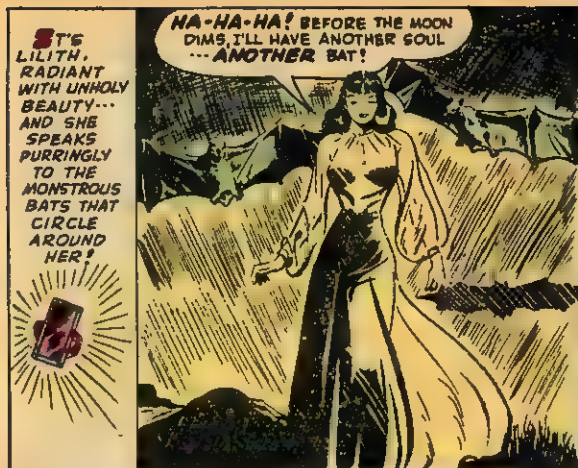
I WANT YOU TO LIE DOWN AND PRE-TEND TO SLEEP, LORNA! THERE'S NO TELLING **WHAT** WILL HAPPEN... BUT REMEMBER... **DON'T GET PANICKY!**



I'M SCARED NOW, VAN... BUT I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU!

Far BEYOND THE FORBIDDING CRAGS OF FECHAMP HILL, A ROOSTER CHALLENGES THE CREEPING MINUTES OF MIDNIGHT... AND IN THE COLD, GREEN MOONLIGHT, A FIGURE SLIDES DOWN THE SLOPE!





IT'S LILITH, RADIANT WITH UNHOLY BEAUTY... AND SHE SPEAKS PURRILY TO THE MONSTROUS BATS THAT CIRCLE AROUND HER!

HA-HA-HA! BEFORE THE MOON DIMS, I'LL HAVE ANOTHER SOUL... ANOTHER BAT!



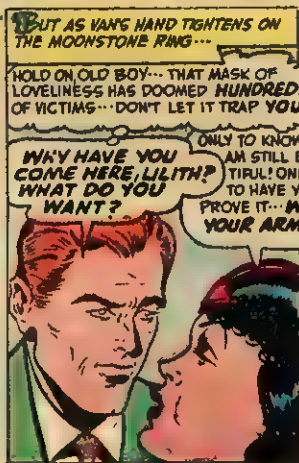
A MOMENT LATER... LIKE THE SOUND OF BEWITCHING MUSIC...

LILITH'S LAUGH... STRANGE THAT IT SHOULD SOUND SO ENTICING... EVEN WHEN I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS!



WHEN A FORM TAKES SHAPE... A FORM WITH EYES HALF CLOSED AND ARMS EXTENDED INVITINGLY!

SHE'S FASCINATING! MAYBE IT'S A MISTAKE TO BELIEVE THOSE ANCIENT LEGENDS... A CREATURE THAT LOVELY CAN'T BE A WITCH!

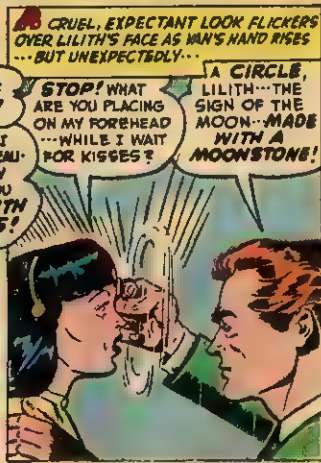


BUT AS VAN'S HAND TIGHTENS ON THE MOONSTONE RING...

HOLD ON, OLD BOY... THAT MASK OF LOVELINESS HAS DOOMED HUNDREDS OF VICTIMS... DON'T LET IT TRAP YOU!

WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE, LILITH? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

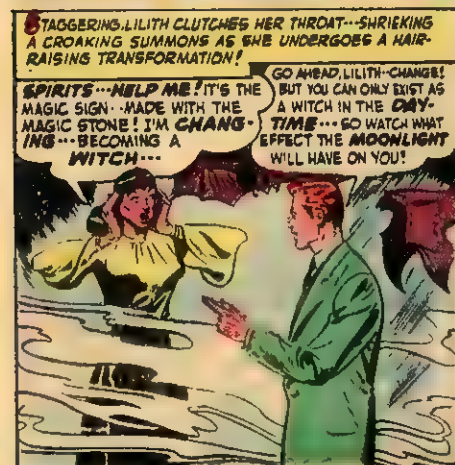
ONLY TO KNOW I AM STILL BEAUTIFUL! ONLY TO HAVE YOU PROVE IT... WITH YOUR ARMS!



A CRUEL, EXPECTANT LOOK FLICKERS OVER LILITH'S FACE AS VAN'S HAND RISES... BUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

STOP! WHAT ARE YOU PLACING ON MY FOREHEAD... WHILE I WAIT FOR KISSES?

A CIRCLE, LILITH... THE SIGN OF THE MOON... MADE WITH A MOONSTONE!



STAGGERING, LILITH CLUTCHES HER THROAT... SHRIEKING A CROAKING SUMMONS AS SHE UNDERGOES A HAIR-RAISING TRANSFORMATION!

SPIRITS... HELP ME! IT'S THE MAGIC SIGN... MADE WITH THE MAGIC STONE! I'M CHANGING... BECOMING A WITCH...

GO AHEAD, LILITH... BUT YOU CAN ONLY EXIST AS A WITCH IN THE DAY-TIME... SO WATCH WHAT EFFECT THE MOONLIGHT WILL HAVE ON YOU!



Then... with an unearthly shriek...

YAAAGH

THE MOON! YAAAGH... THE MOON!

AS LILITH'S FORM DISSOLVES FOREVER IN THE DRIFTING MOONBEAMS...

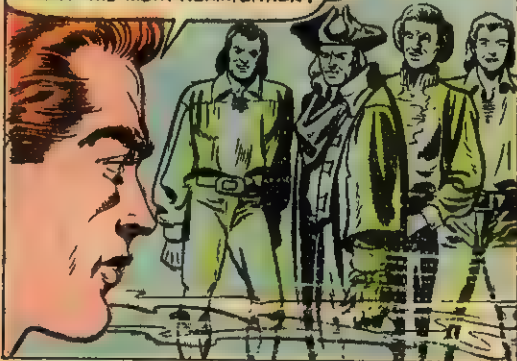
BUT THE BATS, VAN! TURN THE RING TOWARD THEM--AND LET'S GET RID OF THOSE HORRIBLE THINGS!

MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO--NOW THAT LILITH'S GONE! WATCH!



SLOWLY, THE SPIRITS OF LILITH'S VICTIMS ARE RESTORED... AND SLOWLY, AS THEY GAZE AT VAN IN SILENT GRATITUDE...

THE SPELL IS BROKEN, LORNA! THEY'RE DISAPPEARING--AND THEY'LL NEVER ROAM THE NIGHT AGAIN, EITHER!



THEIR SPIRITS ARE FINALLY AT REST, MY SON--AND NOW WE CAN REST--KNOWING THE LONG, MISTY NIGHTS WILL BE PEACEFUL HEREAFTER!

WE'LL SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, CURE!



EARLY NEXT DAY...

I'D LIKE TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THAT SWEET OLD CURE BEFORE WE LEAVE, VAN!

SURE WE WILL! BUT FIRST...

LET'S MAKE A FINAL CHECK-UP ON LILITH'S CAVE! THE SON'S READY TO BREAK THROUGH THIS MIST--SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING SPOOKY UP THERE!



AS VAN AND LORNA ENTER THE CAVE...

VAN--THERE'S SOMETHING IN HERE!

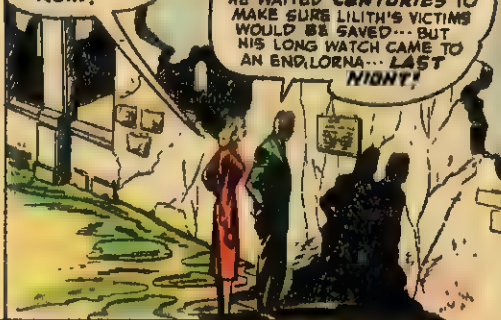
YEP... BATS! THEY'RE PRETTY SMALL NUBBINS COMPARED TO THE THINGS THAT FLAPPED AROUND LILITH--BUT SOMETHING THIS SIZE IS EXACTLY WHAT I CAME AFTER!



MINUTES LATER... AS AMBER SUNLIGHT FLOODS FECHAMP...

THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE REALLY HAD TO SEE THE ABBEY, VAN--AND IT'S NOTHING BUT A RUIN!

LISTEN TO THIS! "TO THE MEMORY--OF ANTOINE DE POLIGNY--THE LAST CURE ... OF THIS ABBEY... DIED 1421!" THE LAST CURE! HE WAITED CENTURIES TO MAKE SURE LILITH'S VICTIMS WOULD BE SAVED--BUT HIS LONG WATCH CAME TO AN END, LORNA--LAST NIGHT!



BACK IN WASHINGTON...

SINCE WE'RE WORKING WITH BATS, VAN, I FEEL BETTER ABOUT THEM THAN MOST PEOPLE--BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH GHOSTS AND WITCHES!

JUST A MEDIEVAL SUPERSTITION, CHIEF--ONE THAT PROBABLY GOES BACK AS FAR AS 1421!





*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

THE NEW 1950

LIONEL TRAINS

with **MAGNE-TRACTION**



Whistling
Station
—automatic
or remote
control

SEE THESE LIONEL FEATURES!

- Real smoke—clean, white, harmless, realistic
- Built-in, two-tone, remote-control Whistle!
- Real R.R. remote-control Knuckle Couplers!
- Steel Wheels. Die-cast trucks. Built to last!

Operating Coal
Ramp and Operating
Hopper Car!



**SPECIAL
COUPON
OFFER**

Only LIONEL TRAINS, with Magne-Traction can take terrific curves at top speed. Only LIONEL Locomotives, with Magne-Traction, can climb a 20% grade...pull twice as many cars twice as fast...stop on a dime...start instantly on command! Magical Magne-Traction is a LIONEL exclusive...like so many other features that make LIONEL TRAINS the finest in the world...for 50 years! Ask your dealer for the latest Lionel Catalog—or mail coupon for special offer.

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 488
Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

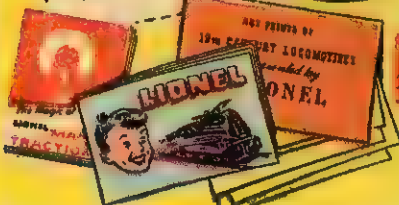
I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train Catalog offer postage prepaid.

1. The Big New Lionel 44-page full-color catalog
2. The "Magic of Magne-Traction Book" with new track layouts, scenic effects, landscaping, etc.
3. The Lionel "Portfolio of 19th Century Locomotive Art Prints"—in color—suitable for framing.

Name

Address

City Zone State



Strange THERMOMETER

THE MOMENT RODNEY laid eyes on the ancient-looking thermometer, he knew he *had* to have it for his antique collection. There it was in the curio shop window, with faded medieval and cabalistic writing on it, looking as if it had recorded the temperatures of a thousand summers and winters. Yes, he had stumbled upon what was probably the oldest thermometer in existence... and with the avidity of the fanatical antique collector, Rodney swore he would possess it even if it cost him his very soul!

Inside, the tall, saturnine proprietor's eyes glowed with a strange fire when Rodney inquired the price of the thermometer. "It will cost you," the man intoned in a curiously hollow voice, his burning eyes fixed on Rodney's pockets, "exactly \$74.28."

Eagerly, Rodney took out his wallet and began counting the money out. "Why, that's odd," he said suddenly. "I've got exactly \$74.27...I guess I'll have to owe you a penny."

The proprietor pushed a piece of paper and a pen across the counter to Rodney, and said, "You will have to sign a promissory note for the cent... and if you do not pay it by tomorrow, the thermometer will become mine again."

Rodney tried to conceal the laughter bubbling up inside him at having to sign an I.O.U. for one cent, and didn't even bother reading the contract as he signed it. Then, eagerly pocketing the thermometer, he got into his car parked outside and drove home.

An hour later, Rodney sat before the fireplace, an ice-cold highball in one hand and the thermometer in the other. He sipped at his drink, and then greedily fondled the thermometer, marvelling at his luck in having found it. "Think I'll try it out," he said suddenly. "I'll just dip it in this highball and see if the mercury goes down to the freezing point..."

But the moment he dropped the thermometer into the glass, a sudden blast of freezing cold seemed to descend upon the room, and Rodney dropped the glass in astonishment. Looking at the wall thermometer, he saw that the temperature of the room had dropped from 74 to 32 degrees in a split second...and outside the window, passers-by pulled up their collars and shivered at the sudden drop in temperature.

Wonderingly, Rodney picked up the fallen thermometer. "Was...was it just a coincidence?" he whispered. "Or did my dropping this medieval thermometer into the iced drink *cause* the outside temperature to drop to freezing? There's only one way to find out..."

Going over to the fireplace, Rodney carefully held the ancient thermometer over the flames...and instantly, the room temperature went up into the 90's, while passers-by wiped their foreheads and looked at each other in awe and fear at the sudden violent ups and downs of temperature.

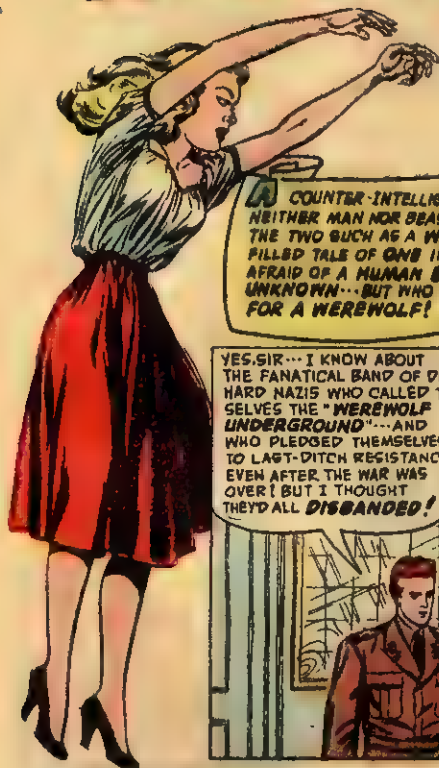
"It...it *wasn't* a coincidence!" Rodney shouted. "This thermometer doesn't record temperatures...it *makes* them! I...I can produce hot or cold weather at will...I'll be...*Ohhh!*"

Rodney suddenly staggered back from the fireplace, realizing too late that he had brought the temperature up too high...and that he was succumbing to heat-stroke.

The next day, the newspapers reported the violent extremes of temperature the city had endured...and at the bottom of the obituary page was the small notice of the death of the well-known antique collector, Rodney Ferriss.

The next day, too, the curio shop proprietor had his ancient thermometer back...and another soul for his collection.

The WEREWOLF STRIKES



A COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT IS SUPPOSED TO FEAR NEITHER MAN NOR BEAST...NOR ANY COMBINATION OF THE TWO SUCH AS A WEREWOLF! BUT HERE IS THE TERROR-FILLED TALE OF ONE INTELLIGENCE AGENT WHO WAS AFRAID OF A HUMAN BEAST FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWY UNKNOWN...BUT WHO STEELED HIMSELF TO BECOME BAIT... FOR A WEREWOLF!

YES, SIR... I KNOW ABOUT THE FANATICAL BAND OF DIEHARD NAZIS WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE "WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND"...AND WHO PLEDGED THEMSELVES TO LAST-DITCH RESISTANCE EVEN AFTER THE WAR WAS OVER! BUT I THOUGHT THEY'D ALL **DISBANDED!**

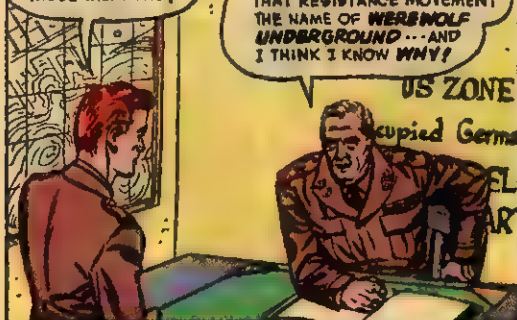
THEY DID... BUT THEIR **MYSTERIOUS LEADER** WAS NEVER CAUGHT! AND LATELY, SOME VERY PROMINENT DEMOCRATIC GERMANS WHO HAVE BEEN COOPERATING WITH THE OCCUPATION AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN FOUND HORRIBLY MURDERED... **CLAIMED TO DEATH** BY SOMEONE WHO LEAVES **WOLF-TRACKS** BEHIND!



BUT SIR... SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THE **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND** CONTAINS MEN WHO ACTUALLY CHANGED THEMSELVES INTO **WOLVES** TO COMMIT THOSE MURDERS!

OF COURSE NOT, CAPTAIN DIXON... WEREWOLVES ARE MERELY **MYTHICAL, IMAGINARY CREATURES!** BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME REASON WHY THE NAZI HIGH COMMAND GAVE THAT RESISTANCE MOVEMENT THE NAME OF **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND**...AND I THINK I KNOW WHY!

THOSE DIEHARD NAZIS WANTED TO **TERRORIZE** ALL GERMANS WHO COOPERATED WITH THE ALLIES... BY FRIGHTENING THEM INTO THE BELIEF THAT THE "WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND" WAS COMPOSED OF **REAL WEREWOLVES** WHO WOULD KILL ALL BETRAYERS OF THE REICH! SO WHENEVER THE UNDERGROUND MURDERS A NON-NAZI GERMAN, THEY PROBABLY CLAW HIM UP WITH A STUFFED WOLF-LEG...AND LEAVE THE WOLF-TRACKS BEHIND AS A WARNING TO OTHER GERMANS!



AND THEIR PLOT SEEMS TO BE **WORKING!** THE GERMANS HAVE BEEN GETTING VERY UNCOOPERATIVE IN THE **BLACK FOREST** AREA ... AND **THAT'S** WHERE WEREWOLF LEGENDS AND RUMORS AROUND ... AND WHERE THE LAST REMNANTS OF THE **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND** ARE REPORTED TO BE HIDING OUT!

I GET IT---**NOW** I SEE WHY YOU WANT ME TO ACCOMPANY **HANS CASTORP**, THE PROMINENT ANTI-NAZI LECTURER, ON HIS TOUR THROUGH THE SMALL VILLAGES OF THE **BLACK FOREST!** YOU THINK THE UNDERGROUND MIGHT STRIKE AT **HIM** ... AND YOU WANT **ME** TO BE AROUND TO STOP THEM!

EXACTLY! IF THEY STRIKE, MAKE SURE YOU NAB THE **LEADER!** WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM EXCEPT THAT HE'S REPUTED TO HAVE BEEN THE MOST TRUSTED AGENT IN THE **SS** ... AND IF YOU CAN GET **HIM**, THE WHOLE **WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND** WILL PROBABLY COLLAPSE!

I'LL GET HIM, SIR ... BUT I'LL TAKE ALONG MY SIDE-KICK, CAPTAIN ALAN MARBORO. JUST TO MAKE SURE! **BLACK FOREST WEREWOLVES---HERE WE COME!**

CHIEF
USMG COUNTER
INTELLIGENCE

TWO DAYS LATER, ON THE GLOOMY SLOPES OF THE BLACK FOREST---

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE TO THE TOWN OF BERGSTADT ... WHERE YOU MAKE YOUR FIRST LECTURE, HERR CASTORP! PLEASE REMEMBER THAT CAPTAIN MARBORO AND I HAVE STRICT ORDERS NOT TO LET YOU OUT OF OUR SIGHT!

BUT IT IS **RIDICULOUS** ... WHO WOULD WANT TO HURT A HARMLESS OLD MAN LIKE **ME**? I WARN YOU ... I DO NOT LIKE TO BE FOLLOWED AROUND AND WATCHED AS IF I WERE A CHILD!

THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE PACKED TOWN-HALL OF BERGSTADT---

...AND IN CONCLUSION, I SAY TO YOU THAT WE GERMANS MUST **RENOUNCE** THE WHOLE NAZI PHILOSOPHY... WE MUST STRIVE TO BUILD A PEACEFUL, **DEMOCRATIC** GERMANY...

COME ON, HUGH... HE'S WINDING UP HIS SPEECH--WE'D BETTER START EDGING OUR WAY UP TO THE PLATFORM!

YEAH, I'LL BE QUITE A JOB GETTING THROUGH THIS CROWD!

BUT BY THE TIME THE TWO AMERICANS PUSH THEIR WAY THROUGH THE THROG...

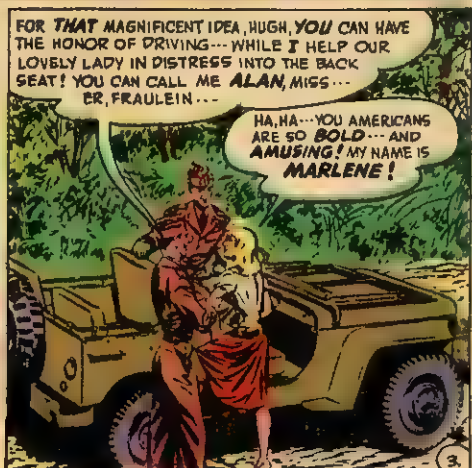
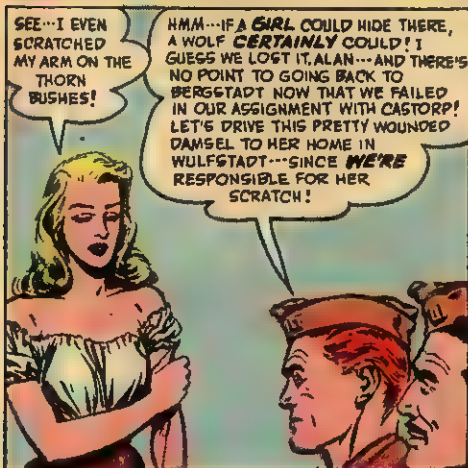
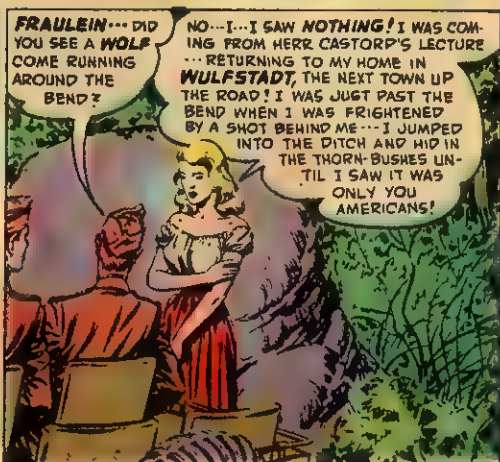
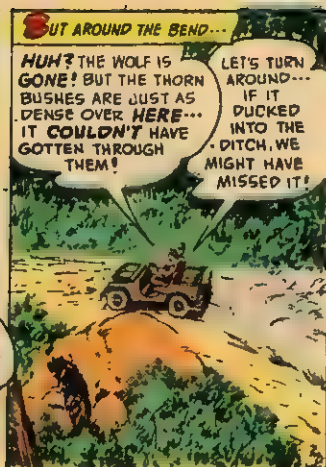
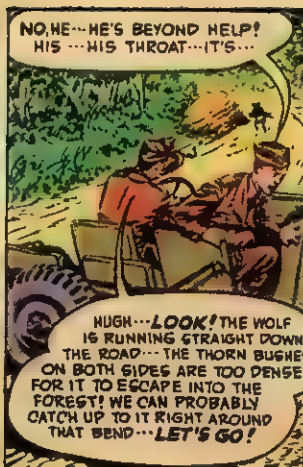
HERR CASTORP? HE LEFT THROUGH THAT DOOR ... HE SAID HE ALWAYS TAKES A RELAXING WALK AFTER A LECTURE!

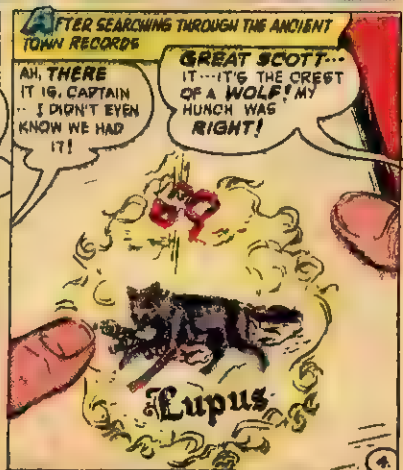
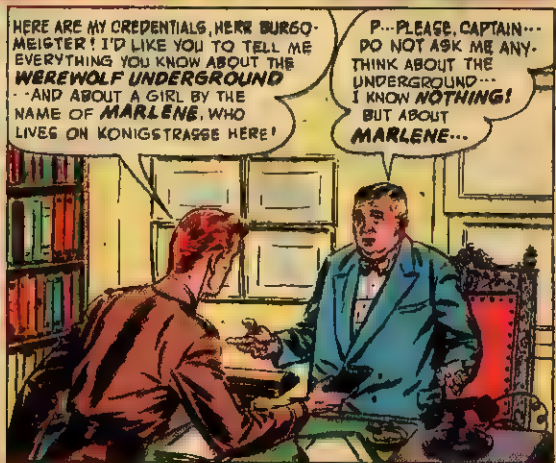
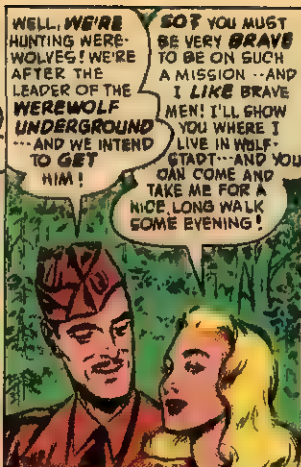
COME ON, ALAN ... WE'LL HOP IN THE JEEP OUTSIDE AND SCOUT AROUND FOR HIM! HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY!

THAT'S FUNNY ... THIS IS A SMALL TOWN, AND WE'RE AT THE VERY EDGE OF IT ... BUT NO SIGN OF CAS ... **WAIT!** THAT ... THAT'S **CASTORP'S VOICE!**

HELP!

GREAT SCOTT... LOOK!





IT--IT ALL ADDS UP! MARLENE APPEARED MYSTERIOUSLY, JUST AS THE WOLF THAT KILLED CASTORP **DISAPPEARED**... THAT SCRATCH ON HER ARM **COULD** HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY THE BULLET THAT CREATED THE WOLF! AND I JUST REMEMBERED... **LUPUS** IS LATIN FOR **WOLF**! BUT **WAIT**... **ALAN** IS PROBABLY OUT WITH HER RIGHT NOW! HE'S DATING A **WEREWOLF** AND DOESN'T KNOW IT!... I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!



YES, WHAT ABOUT ALAN...?

TELL ME, MY BRAVE ALAN... DO YOU **CLOSE YOUR EYES** WHEN YOU **KISS?**

I SURE DO, BABY... AND I KNOW AN **INVITATION** WHEN I HEAR ONE!



YOU'RE... SWEET! I JUST CAN'T LET YOU GO...



MOMENTS PASS... LONG, RAPTUROUS MOMENTS FOR ALAN... UNTIL...

WHEW... LET'S BREAK IT UP, BABY! THERE'S SOMETHING... TICKLING MY NECK!



WHA...!



NO... NO... HELP!



NOT A SIGN OF ALAN ANYWHERE IN TOWN... WAIT... THAT'S HIS VOICE!

HELP... YAAAGHHH!



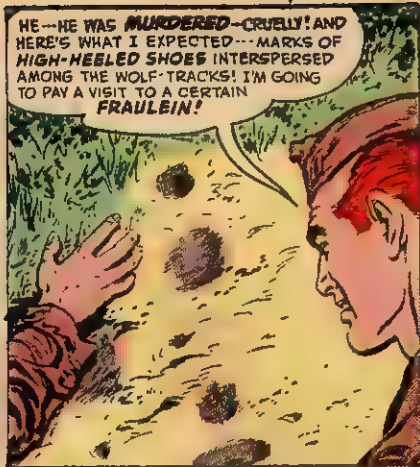


I---I'M TOO LATE!--
BUT I CAN STILL TAKE
REVENGE!



BLAST IT--
I MISSED!

BAM!



HE--HE WAS **MURDERED**--CRUELY! AND
HERE'S WHAT I EXPECTED---MARKS OF
HIGH-HEELED SHOES INTERSPERSED
AMONG THE WOLF TRACKS! I'M GOING
TO PAY A VISIT TO A CERTAIN
FRAULEIN!



COME IN! OH, HEL-LO, CAPTAIN--
I WAS JUST COMB-
ING MY HAIR OUT--
WON'T YOU SIT
DOWN?



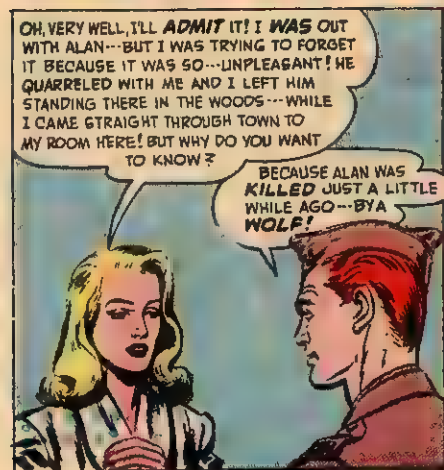
TELL ME---WERE YOU OUT
WITH CAPTAIN ALAN
MARBORO THIS
EVENING?



WHY, **NO**! WHY DO
YOU ASK--OH--
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING WITH MY
SHOES?

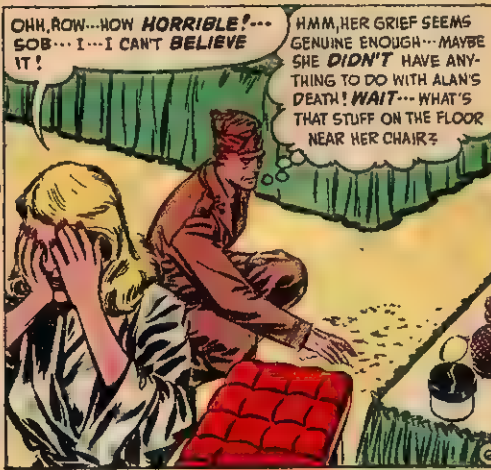


I'M GOING TO USE THEM TO TRAP
YOU IN A **LIE**! THEY'RE **MUDDY**
---AND I'M **CERTAIN** THEY'LL
CORRESPOND WITH THE IM-
PRINTS I FOUND IN THE WOODS
WHERE ALAN WAS TONIGHT!



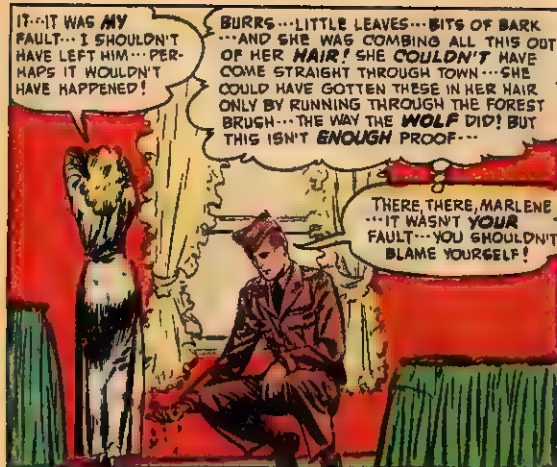
OH, VERY WELL, I'LL **ADMIT** IT! I **WAS** OUT
WITH ALAN---BUT I WAS TRYING TO FORGET
IT BECAUSE IT WAS SO---UNPLEASANT! HE
QUARRELED WITH ME AND I LEFT HIM
STANDING THERE IN THE WOODS---WHILE
I CAME STRAIGHT THROUGH TOWN TO
MY ROOM HERE! BUT WHY DO YOU WANT
TO KNOW?

BECAUSE ALAN WAS
KILLED JUST A LITTLE
WHILE AGO---BY A
WOLF!



OH, ROW---NOW **HORRIBLE**!--
SOB---I---I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT!

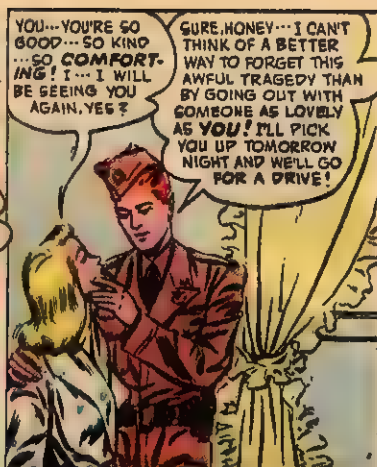
HMM, HER GRIEF SEEMS
GENUINE ENOUGH---MAYBE
SHE **DIDN'T** HAVE ANY-
THING TO DO WITH ALAN'S
DEATH! **WAIT**---WHAT'S
THAT STUFF ON THE FLOOR
NEAR HER CHAIR?



IT--IT WAS MY FAULT... I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM... PERHAPS IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

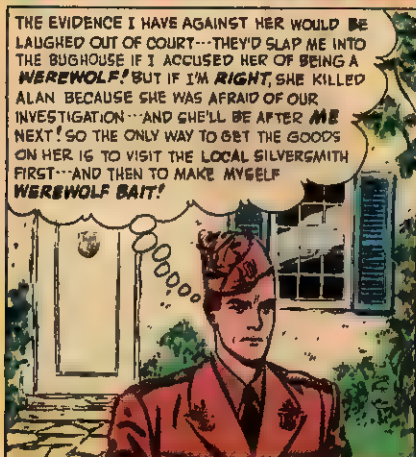
BURRS...LITTLE LEAVES...BITS OF BARK...AND SHE WAS COMBING ALL THIS OUT OF HER HAIR! SHE COULDN'T HAVE COME STRAIGHT THROUGH TOWN...SHE COULD HAVE GOTTEN THESE IN HER HAIR ONLY BY RUNNING THROUGH THE FOREST BRUSH...THE WAY THE WOLF DID! BUT THIS ISN'T ENOUGH PROOF...

THERE, THERE, MARLENE...IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT...YOU SHOULDN'T BLAME YOURSELF!

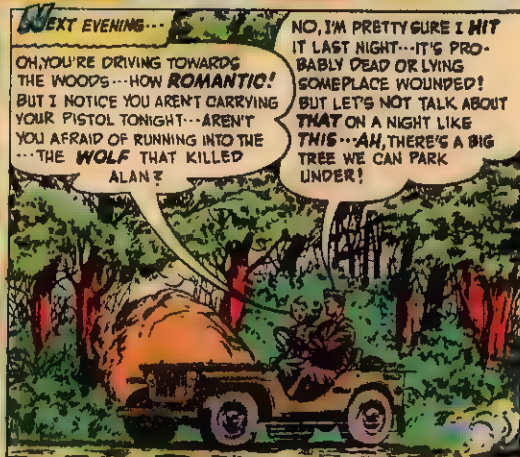


YOU...YOU'RE SO GOOD...SO KIND...SO COMFORTING! I... I WILL BE SEEING YOU AGAIN, YES?

SURE, HONEY... I CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER WAY TO FORGET THIS AWFUL TRAGEDY THAN BY GOING OUT WITH SOMEONE AS LOVELY AS YOU! I'LL PICK YOU UP TOMORROW NIGHT AND WE'LL GO FOR A DRIVE!



THE EVIDENCE I HAVE AGAINST HER WOULD BE LAUGHED OUT OF COURT...THEY'D SLAP ME INTO THE BUGHOUSE IF I ACCUSED HER OF BEING A WEREWOLF! BUT IF I'M RIGHT, SHE KILLED ALAN BECAUSE SHE WAS AFRAID OF OUR INVESTIGATION...AND SHE'LL BE AFTER ME NEXT! SO THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE GOODS ON HER IS TO VISIT THE LOCAL SILVERSMITH FIRST...AND THEN TO MAKE MYSELF WEREWOLF BAIT!



NEXT EVENING...

OH, YOU'RE DRIVING TOWARDS THE WOODS...HOW ROMANTIC! BUT I NOTICE YOU AREN'T CARRYING YOUR PISTOL TONIGHT...AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF RUNNING INTO THE...THE WOLF THAT KILLED ALAN?

NO, I'M PRETTY SURE I HIT IT LAST NIGHT...IT'S PROBABLY DEAD OR LYING SOMEPLACE WOUNDED! BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS...AH, THERE'S A BIG TREE WE CAN PARK UNDER!



YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, MARLENE...HEY... WHY ARE YOU PATTING MY POCKETS?

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE A KNIFE OR A GUN HIDDEN ON YOU SOMEWHERE! BUT NOW I SEE THAT YOU ARE BRAVE... AND I LIKE BRAVE MEN! KISS ME!



AND MOMENTS LATER... DARLING...I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD SUCH LONG NAILS...YOU'RE DIGGING THEM INTO MY BACK! MARLENE... STOP...!



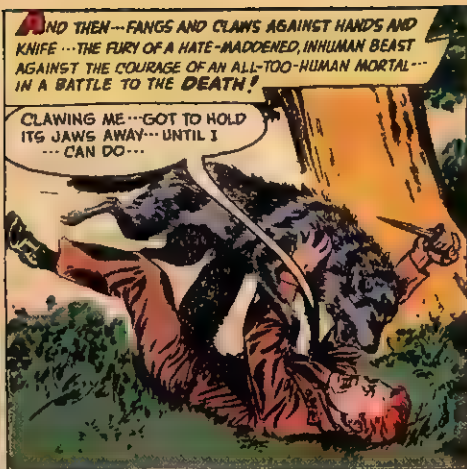
AND AS CAPTAIN HUGH DIXON BREAKS AWAY FROM THAT EMBRACE OF DEATH...

GREAT SCOTT... I... I WAS RIGHT!

NO, YOU WERE WRONG...YOU SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT ALONG A WEAPON, POOL!



YOU'RE THE FOOL---I DIDN'T BRING A WEAPON---BUT I MADE SURE ONE WAS WAITING FOR ME HERE!



AND THEN---FANGS AND CLAWS AGAINST HANDS AND KNIFE---THE FURY OF A HATE-MADDENED, INHUMAN BEAST AGAINST THE COURAGE OF AN ALL-TOO-HUMAN MORTAL---IN A BATTLE TO THE DEATH!

CLAWING ME---GOT TO HOLD ITS JAWS AWAY---UNTIL I CAN DO---

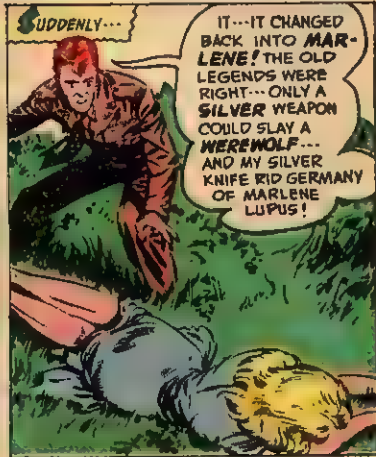


--THIS!



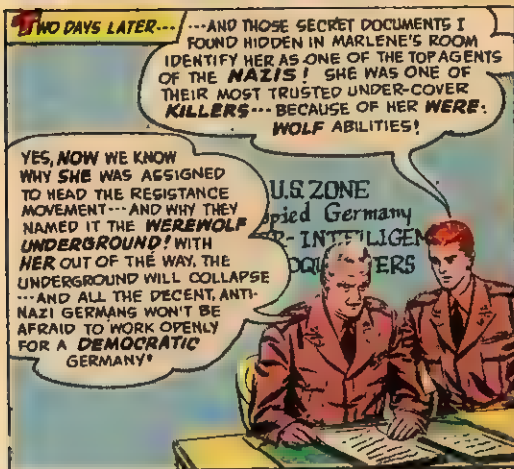
I---I GOT IT---THE BLADE MUST HAVE REACHED ITS HEART! IT---IT'S STIFFENING---IN ITS DEATH-THROES!

AARRGGH!



SUDDENLY---

IT---IT CHANGED BACK INTO MARLENE! THE OLD LEGENDS WERE RIGHT---ONLY A SILVER WEAPON COULD SLAY A WEREWOLF---AND MY SILVER KNIFE RID GERMANY OF MARLENE LUPUS!



TWO DAYS LATER---...AND THOSE SECRET DOCUMENTS I FOUND HIDDEN IN MARLENE'S ROOM IDENTIFY HER AS ONE OF THE TOP AGENTS OF THE NAZIS! SHE WAS ONE OF THEIR MOST TRUSTED UNDER-COVER KILLERS---BECAUSE OF HER WERE-WOLF ABILITIES!

YES, NOW WE KNOW WHY SHE WAS ASSIGNED TO HEAD THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT---AND WHY THEY NAMED IT THE WEREWOLF UNDERGROUND! WITH HER OUT OF THE WAY, THE UNDERGROUND WILL COLLAPSE---AND ALL THE DECENT, ANTI-NAZI GERMANS WON'T BE AFRAID TO WORK OPENLY FOR A DEMOCRATIC GERMANY!

U.S. ZONE
Occupied Germany
R-INT'L INTEL
DOCTORS



AND NOW YOU DESERVE A VACATION FOR THAT EXCELLENT JOB! TAKE A COUPLE OF WEEKS' FURLOUGH, MY BOY---SOME FEMININE COMPANY OUGHT TO HELP YOU FORGET YOUR ORDEAL!

RIGHT! AND WHEN I LET LOOSE WITH A COUPLE OF WOLF-CALLS FROM NOW ON, I'LL SURE KNOW HOW!

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

hello! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink I wet I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY
HAIR!

TERRIFIC
VALUE!

3⁹⁸

complete

SEND NO MONEY
(C.O.D. you pay postage.)

Remit with order, we pay postage!

NEW!

AMAZING!

FREE
HAIR
WAVE
KIT!

SENSATIONAL DRINK
AND WET DOLL in
washable rubber WON-
DERSKIN with life-like
hair and realistic hair-wave
hair and combs with...plastic
cutter....rubber waving
bands....waving end
papers, plastic comb and...
bottle of doll hair lotion.
ADORABLE SANDY 11
inches tall, has sparkling
blue eyes that open
and close...she
drinks from her
nipple (included)
and then wets her
diaper. You can bathe her
— move her cuddly arms,
legs and head—make her
stand, walk and sleep.



"KID PUNCHO"

THE FIGHTING CLOWN

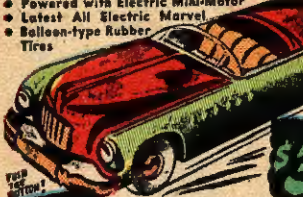
Hey kids! Here's real fun, lots
of action, real spaw with
PUNCHO — colorful, lively,
animated punching bag. Knock
it down, it always comes back
at you for more! An "about"
tackling dummy — wrestling
partner — sparring partner.
Punched against a wall it be-
comes a rapid punching bag.
Perfect as an exerciser and
a trainer. Indecent or not.
Made of extra heavy long
lasting vinylite, over
25 inches tall, with
metal valves for easy
inflation. SEND NO
MONEY. (C.O.D., you
pay postage. Remit
with order, we pay
postage.)

only
\$1.98
PUSH YOUR
ORDER TODAY!

FAST PUSH-BUTTON POWER CAR!

ALL ELECTRIC
1951 AUTO SENSATION!

- Driven By Powerful Remote Control
- Powered with Electric Mini-Motor
- Latest All Electric Marvel
- Balloon-type Rubber Tires



Imagine only
\$3.49
COMPLETE!

FOR
ACTION!
IT
STARTS!
REVERSES!
STOPS!
STEERS!

The greatest new electrical toy since the electric train.
REMOTE CAR is a revolutionary remote control model, made of
colored shining plastic, 10 feet and short by remote control
action motor, and an ALL-ELECTRIC PRE-
CISION-MADE MOTOR, powered by 2 long lasting flashlight
batteries. Push or pull and you really make
things happen. Here's real action to fascinate every child, and
adult too. **HUSH YOUR TONGUE!** SEND NO MONEY!
Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

BLONDIE RUBBER SKIN

SQUEEZE ME
...I COO!

13 inches High
Lifelike Appearance
She Can Be Washed
She Has Moving Eyes



Here she is now, that CUDDLY, HUG-
GABLE, lovely baby BEAUTIFUL BLONDIE.
She is 13" high and her soft, smooth body is
of REAL RUBBER WONDERSKIN.
SQUEEZE HER AND SHE COO! — Just like
a baby. Every little mother will want Blon-
die for her carriage. She's got blonde curly
springs, and they're thick and long just like
real hair. Blondie's hair can be put up in
ribbons at night and such her in bed and
wanda her long baby sleepers. She has
big blue eyes. She coos soundly still her
every day of fun. Every child will have
the time of her life giving her body a
RUBBER WONDERSKIN. She comes dress-
ed in bright BIRTHDAY PARTY dress,
cute pants, shoes and stockings. Wonder-
ful, beautiful, amazing doll is yours for
the unbelievably low price. SEND NO MONEY!
Remit with order and we pay postage or
over C.O.D. plus postage.

EVERYBODY LOVES ME...
WON'T YOU?

IMAGINE
ONLY
\$2.98
complete

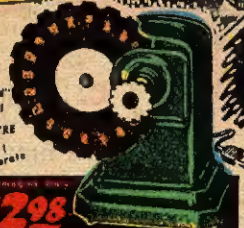
AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVEE!

**SUPER DELUXE
ELECTRIC FILM
PROJECTOR**



SHOWS REAL
FILMS!

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate



EXTRA FILM
3 FILMS ONLY \$1.00

Imagine only
\$2.98

COMPLETE Projector, Two Films and 3 Films

SHOW WHITE
THE OWL AND
THE PUFFY CAT
JINGLES BELLS
THREE LITTLE PIGS
JACK AND JILL
RIP VAN WINKLE
TOM THUMB
ROBINSON CRUSOE
HOUSE THAT JACK
BUILT
MINNIE WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting films at home with
this streamlined TELEVEE Projector, complete with colorful
theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and
simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the
fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen!
This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for
friends and family. Two boys and girls will be fascinated with
the big movie theatre, and moving movies all by yourself is
the greatest treat of them all! SEND NO MONEY.
Remit with order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

NOVELTY MART, Dept. 63
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:
 Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

- | | | | |
|---|--------|---|--------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy | \$3.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> Film Projector | \$2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coe Blondie | \$2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Films \$1.00 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Remote Control Car | \$3.49 | <input type="checkbox"/> 'Kid Puncho' | \$1.98 |

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

SEND
NOW

**KIDS!
GROWN-
UPS!**

**EVEN IF YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED BEFORE—
YOU Can Play These REAL
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS INSTANTLY!**

COLOR KEYS MATCH THE COLOR NOTES

COLOR-KEY XYLOPHONE



**FREE
GIANT
COLOR-
NOTES
SONG
BOOK**



EASY AS A B C

- A.** Color Keys on Instruments match Color Notes in Song Book.
- B.** Follow the Colors:
For CLARINETTE, press keys and blow gently.
- C.** PRESTO! YOU MAKE MAGIC MUSIC! MUSIC SO NEAT—MUSIC SO SWEET, everybody starts to stomp their feet; the tones ring out so clear and true—everybody will sing with you.

SMALL-SIZE of "REAL THING"

- Full octave range • Sweet, bell-tones • Sturdy, all-metal • Graceful • Colorful design • Color-keyed
- 2 Harmony mallets included

**ALL
FOR**

\$2.98

THE HARBERT CO.

Dept. 10

303-4th Ave., N. Y. 10

Yes indeed! You play favorite tunes ON SIGHT! Absolutely no training—no practicing necessary. It's just like MAGIC! Surprise and delight your family! Amaze your friends! Why, even you yourself will hardly believe your ears. Play solos—duets—a clincher! COLOR-KEY CLARINETTE and COLOR-KEY XYLOPHONE are the easiest, most instructive approach to music... Swell Entertainment and Pleasure.

COLOR-KEY CLARINETTE



- Fully 14 1/4" long
- Ebony Plastic
- Banded in Chrome
- True tone range
- "Scientific" easy-blow Mouth-piece
- 8 Color-keys for 2-hand play

SUCH FUN! You'll be excited—your friends delighted! Just think! Without knowing notes, you really play POPULAR SONGS!

**ALL
FOR**

\$2.98

NO LESSONS NEEDED. COLOR-KEY, COLOR-NOTE Play is the Easy Way...No music lessons. No practicing. No teachers. Just follow colors in GIANT COLOR-NOTES SONG BOOK. Red note in book—play red key, green note, play green key, etc. Use both hands for both instruments immediately!

Prove this for yourself. Send order TODAY for FREE 10 day trial. If not thrilled, return purchase. We'll cheerfully refund your money.

SEND NO MONEY—Mail NOW

**THE HARBERT CO., Dept. 10
303 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.**

Send me _____ COLOR-KEY CLARINETTES at \$2.98 each. Include FREE GIANT SONG BOOK.

Send me _____ COLOR-KEY XYLOPHONES at \$2.98 each. Include FREE GIANT SONG BOOK.

☐ I'll pay postman total cost, plus postage.

☐ SAVE POSTAGE, I enclose \$_____ (total amt.)
Ship postage prepaid.

I may return my purchase for refund within 10 days if not entirely satisfied.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

For Boys - Girls - Hunters - Campers -
Everybody!

THE MOST AMAZING SUN WATCH IN THE WORLD!

JUST LOOK
AT WHAT IT DOES!

TELZALL

9 IN 1

THE
TIMEPIECE OF
ADVENTURE!

1. TELLS TIME

the truly scientific
sun dial way

**2. WEATHER
FORECASTER**

secretly concealed,
changes colors to
predict weather

**3. GLOW-IN-THE-DARK
COMPASS**

tells directions day
or night

4. STRAP

is durable plas-
tic 8" measure

**5. 6-POWER
MAGNIFYING**

and burning glass,
secretly concealed

**6. WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

writes thousands of
words

7. SIGNALLING DEVICE
on the back

**8. CONSTELLATIONS
Chart** shows how to
find the North Star

9. MORSE CODE
engraved on the back

You'll be the envy of all your friends when you wear this sensational 9-way wonder — the amazing, patented new TELZALL SUN WATCH. It's the only watch of its kind in the world. This tickless time piece tells the sun time... nothing to go out of order.

The gracefully designed case of gleaming jeweler's bronze with durable red plastic 8" measuring strap looks like an expensive watch on your wrist. The weather forecaster and the magnifying and fire-starting glass are secretly concealed inside the case.

You'll marvel at the other fascinating features of this wonderful new invention. It may even save your life—with the Morse Code permanently engraved on the back, a glow-in-the-dark compass, signalling mirror, all right on your wrist in case of emergency! What fun, too, being able to predict the weather at a glance, measure objects, write with the world's smallest ball point pen, and locate the North Star and other constellations. Don't delay—rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

SEND NO MONEY

Wear the 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watch on your wrist. See how perfectly it operates. If you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

© 1960 Arkay
Enterprises

Patent Pending

Amazing Value
\$1.98

10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

TELZALL, Dept. W-301
430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

RUSH

Gentlemen: Rush ☐ 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watches described above—on your no-risk 10-day money-back guarantee offer. On delivery I will pay postman only \$1.98 each plus C.O.D. postage, with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ I enclose \$1.98 for each—send the Telzall 9-in-1 Sun Watch all postage charges prepaid—on money-back guarantee.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—ORDER TODAY

TELZALL, 430 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Ill.

NOW! Brand-New UP-TO-THE MINUTE Edition of Famous Manual MAKES ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB

ENLARGED!

MORE Words!
Almost 750 BIG Pages!
More Chapters! More Facts!

REVISED!

MORE Pictures —
Over 2100 in All! Covers
Automatic Transmissions!

NEW!

Now You Can Repair
ALL 1950 MODELS—As Well
As Any Car Built Since 1935!

TRY BOOK FOR A WHOLE WEEK—FREE

Return and Pay Nothing if Not Satisfied!

EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW TO REPAIR ANY CAR!

HERE it is! the brand-new, revised, enlarged 1950 edition of **McTor's Auto Repair Manual**! Now you can "lick" any auto repair job on any car built since 1935 — INCLUDING ALL 1950 MODELS. This famous guide now has MORE words, 750 pages in all; MORE "Show-Me-How" pictures, over 2100 in all. Includes automatic transmissions. Covers 44 NEW models; now brings you over 200,000 service and repair facts on 741 car models.

With this guide at your elbow, you can "breeze through" any job on any car! Just look up make, model, and job in the quick index — and go to it. Easy step-by-step photos, drawings, diagrams, and over 200 "Quick-Check" specifications and dimensions charts make every operation a "snap" for you!

So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!

McTor's MANUAL takes nothing for granted. Starts at the very beginning—tells how to identify all 741 car models—where to start on each job—leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

Beginners will find helpful guidance on every kind of repair and service job

imaginable! Experts will be amazed by the short cuts. No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible!"

Custom-Built to Fill YOUR Needs
from Over 150 Official
Shop Manuals!

Here, in "Quick-Reference" tables and "How-to-Do-it" words and pictures, are the official facts and instructions you MUST HAVE to tune up, service or repair any car! Prior less help that saves you "guess-work" — eliminates trial and error!

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these procedures for their own car line. Now the editors of **McTor** have gathered this wealth of "Know-How" from over 150 Official Factory Shop Manuals, "bottled it down" into clear, terse terms in one big handy indexed book!

McTor's Manual makes every operation simple as A-B-C! So easy you'll find yourself tackling jobs you wouldn't think of doing before! You can't go wrong!

Here's ILLUSTRATED step-by-step guidance on all types of Engines — Chokes... Fuel Pumps... Ignition Systems... Oil Filters... Generators... Carburetors (including new GM Rochester)... Starting Motors... Clutches... Transmissions... Overdrives... Universals... Axles... Brakes... Steering Gears... Shock Absorbers, etc. Body Service, Tool Application, Body Repair, Painting, Spraying, etc.—AND MORE.

SEND NO MONEY

Try This Book of OUR Risk

Send no money! Enjoy this great book—at our risk—for a full week. FREE! Test it right in your own garage or shop. If this book doesn't pay for itself in 7 days, simply return it and pay nothing. Mail coupon NOW to **McTor Book Dept.**, Desk 90 N. York 19, N. Y.

Same FREE 7-Day Offer Applies on
MOTOR TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL

FOR mechanics, truck specialists, service stations, fleet owners. Covers EVERY job on EVERY popular make gasoline truck or farm tractor made from 1935 thru 1949! 1400 pictures, 950 pages, 300,000 facts. Used by Armed Forces.

All types Gasoline Engines, Fuel Systems, Ignition, Lubrication Systems, Starters, Generators, Transmissions, Axles, Transfer Devices, Transfer Cases, Brakes, Steering, etc. ALSO SERVICES many bases, contractor and road building equipment, stationary power machinery, etc. on all parts described in Manual. Check box in coupon.

HERE IS CHEVROLET TUNE-UP CHART

Year	Model	Spark Plug	Valve	Oil
1935-1936	12	12	12	12
1937-1938	12	12	12	12
1939-1940	12	12	12	12
1941-1942	12	12	12	12
1943-1944	12	12	12	12
1945-1946	12	12	12	12
1947-1948	12	12	12	12
1949-1950	12	12	12	12

OVERS CONSTRUCTION OPERATION OF BUICK OVER FLOW



BUICK STEERING MECHANISM

Used By U. S. Army & Navy

MOTOR'S AUTO REPAIR MANUAL



FORD & MERCURY

HOW TO ADJUST FORD CLUTCHES

COVERS 741 CAR MODELS

Auburn Ford Mercury
Austin Frazer Nash
Bentley Graham Oldsmobile
Buick Hudson Packard
Cadillac Humber Pierce Arrow
Chevrolet Kaiser Plymouth
Chrysler Lafayette Pontiac
Cord La Salle Reo
Crosley Lincoln Studebaker
De Soto Lincoln Terraplane
Dodge Zephyr

Just 2 of Many Letters of Praise

"Instructions so clear have no trouble learning anything about any car. Saw working as mechanic time by eliminating guesswork." — W. SAM ORDONEZ, California

"McTor's Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork." — W. SCHWOP, Ohio

MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL

McTor Book Dept., Desk 90 N. York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once! (Check box opposite book you want)

☐ McTor's NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. If O.K. I will remit \$1 in 7 days, (plus 35c delivery charge) then \$2 monthly for 3 months, and a final payment of \$10 a month later. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, \$2 each with order.)

☐ McTor's NEW TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL. (Described at left.) If O.K. I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charge with final payment. Otherwise I will return book promptly. (Foreign price, remit \$10 each with order.)

Print Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City & Zone No..... State.....

☐ SAVE 35c delivery charges by enclosing WITH

COUPON check or money order for full payment of \$5.95 for Auto Manual (or \$8.00 for Truck Manual). Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.